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DRUMMER

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DRUMMER

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."



coming up:

**DRUMMER'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE IS COMING UP NEXT!**

INTERVIEW WITH JACK WRANGLER
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DATE LINE:

When we started planning DRUMMER #6, the content was to be such that we were referring to it in the Master's quarters as our burning issue. Why?

One reason is Orlando Paris' original short story "Playing with Fire" (see page 6). Paris is the author of a book of homoerotic gay poetry, "69 Flights of Fancy" (Greenleaf), short stories for QQ magazine and travel articles for Ciao! For the past five years he has been staff book critic for QQ, a role which gave him the courage to write his first novel, about the repression of gays. With the exception of an article for Tail (about his hemorrhoidectomy, of all things), "Playing with Fire" is his first published venture into the world of S&M.

Another torrid topic is G. Calvin Magister's "Markings: A New Revolution in Body Adornment" (page 44), dealing in part with branding.

The really burning issue, however, begins on page 12. For some months, DRUMMER has promised to take you to a slave auction. We're finally doing it, although not in quite the manner we had expected. You see, 65 Los Angeles police officers—accompanied by two helicopters and various and sundry heavy artillery—crashed the party.

We had considered running their version of what happened at the auction in place of our usual fiction section, for the finest writer in town could not begin to approach the fabrications of the LAPD. We had thought to reprint the Arrest Report in its entirety, faithfully retaining every misspelling, every grammatical and factual error.

We decided against this, however. Not because we fear retribution or continued harassment at the hands of Los Angeles' Blue Meanies, but because we benevolently hesitate to make the ridiculous even more so. Instead, we have reported on the events of the evening and the days following. Sadly, we are unable to use photographs of the slave auction. The police not only robbed us of our dignity but confiscated our film as well. We hope that they enjoy the pictures.

Meanwhile, do it to the beat of DRUMMER!

—JEANNE BARNEY

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

I have just seen my first copy of DRUMMER. I had seen it advertised some months ago in the Advocate, and I knew it was just another try at pulling money from a group of men very much in need of a respectable forum. There was no way I would send good money after a half-assed venture.

My apologies! Yours is a beautifully done mag. If the next issue is this good, I know you can keep it up. My admiration and respect, as well as my sincere gratitude, go to you.

The Advocate wears more than a little thin at times. It is the DRUMMER that touches MY lifestyle!

Scott
Baltimore, MD

I was pleased to receive my Leather Fraternity membership pin and promptly stabbed it into a rather tender spot on a slave who happened to be in the house when the mail arrived. Thus bloodied, it now holds a place of honor on my motorcycle jacket.

And my best to the guys at DRUMMER. What a fantastic job they are doing!

John
Dallas, TX

I just picked up Vol. 1, No. 4 of the DRUMMER—only the second issue I've seen. It looks interesting and authentic, but then I take a look at New York's "Leather Bar Scene" and start to wonder. Where did you get that list; from LIFE Magazine?

Let's go down the line:

ANVIL—OK on that one, a great bar, but now operating on a "private" basis. Open from 11 p.m. until dawn, but no drinks sold. Tickets, to be exchanged for drinks, must be purchased at door.

BARN—Closed 3 years. Unlamented.

BOOT HILL—Trying to make it as leather, but not much there.

BOOTS & SADDLE—OK. A nice friendly bar. No heavy stuff.

CAVE—Long gone.

CELL BLOCK—Very Latino. No leather.

DUNGEON—Long gone.

EAGLE'S NEST—Still going strong, but more leather-followers than the real thing. Looks like it's going to suffer the fate of Keller's (see below).

EVERARD's—A turkish bath, not a bar. Leather overtones.

CAUNTLET—Closed 2 years ago.

GILDED GRAPE—How did this get in a

leather listing? A big flashy bar with mucho drag Disco & dancing.

KELLER'S—Now a cha-cha palace. Very popular but no leather. Ten years ago, Keller's was struggling to make it and invited the leather crowd in. They came and made the bar No. 1. But after a few years, the fluff began to drift in and they weren't discouraged by the management. Reluctantly, the leather guys moved on (we hate to surrender a good bar), and although Keller's still advertises as the place "where MEN Stop Posing and MAKE it," anyone coming from out-of-town is in for a sore disappointment. Now the same kind of transformation seems to be taking place at the Eagle's Nest, and it's too damn bad.

LOADING ZONE—Closed.

NINE PLUS—Moved 4 years ago to 138 Eleventh Ave. (cor. 21st St.) This is a private club, open only to members and guests, but 100% all the way. (Nine Plus has just won the Brotherhood Award of the year from the A.M.C.C.) Very popular with out-of-town leather and bike members who are always welcome.

PICADILLY—This is now called WAREHOUSE PIER 51. Some leather.

FLOWBOY—Closed. Was never leather.

RAMROD—Best leather bar in the dockstrip area.

ROADHOUSE—Now a restaurant, lost the leather image years ago.

SEASHELL—This is the old name for the RAMROD (the address you list would be a side entrance to the Ramrod).

SPIKE BAR—Leathermen's choice. No. 1 leather bar in New York. Your listing, however, should read "11th Ave & 20th St." More club colors hang in the Spike than any other bar.

STRAP—Lots of back-room action, but not much leather. Enough to qualify, though.

TYS—Primarily for the young set. Popular. But any leather is suede.

WHAT A DUMP (in Queens)—Now called BILLY THE KID.

There are some newcomers which NYC visitors might check out:

CANDLE—309 Amsterdam Ave., fills the need for a leather bar on the Upper West Side. Gives special leather prices, and welcomes Leather Club Nites.

RAMP—11th Ave. at 10th St., sells some leather toys and also Locker

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Room. Has a "backroom" upstairs.
RAWHIDE—West Ave., foot of Christopher St., welcomes LeatherClub activities, should make it as the successor to Keller's.

Two favorite restaurants of the leather crowd deserve mention:

BEAU GESTE—239 Third Ave. Leather welcome. Reasonable prices. Some leather undertones at the bar.

FEDORA'S—239 West 4th St., good Italian food at reasonable prices, a long-time favorite of the leather crowd.

Gentlemen, I am sending you this information not as a criticism of your listing, but in the hope that you will provide up-to-date information to prospective visitors to New York City. This is a time when leather is more meaningful than ever. New York's Bike Clubs are better organized and flourishing as never before—so is the whole Eastern seaboard for that matter—and the word "Brotherhood" is on more lips than ever.

HANK
New York City

Thank you for the pleasure you have given me with Issue #5 of **DRUMMER**. It's very hard to see how there could be improvements in your magazine, yet each issue seems to be better than the last.

The play "Isomer" was really far-out, and reminded me a little of Beckett's work. It was much enjoyed.

But my real favorite in the issue was "Babysitter" by Phil Andros, whose work I have admired for a long time, through many novels and short stories, and I congratulate you for having added him to your list of excellent writers. I like his wonderful sense of humor and his characterization and timing; he seems to be able to stimulate the imagination even more than most porno writers, and his background must be vast and varied. I have never cared much for hustlers, but if I could find an intelligent humanist like Phil Andros, I sure as hell wouldn't mind spending the rest of my life with him. His insights into the cramped quarters of human nature are always profound and

penetrating, and I am especially glad to see him turn his pen to S/M; there have been signs of it in his earlier novels and short stories, and I can only hope that having begun on these lines again, he will decide to write more stories on the theme which interests me more than any other. What he writes really has the ring of truth and experience to it.

Thank you again for your last issue. You are succeeding in bringing leather and S/M up to its rightful place.

Sincerely,
J.C.

San Francisco, CA

From your Volume 1 Issue 5, I have gotten the impression that your editors have been beaten to the point that they don't care what they let go to press, or, they're all slaves and, therefore, will print anything they read in the "Gay Book of Astrology."

Mars, not Pluto, is the ruling planet of Aries and, being one myself, I found your printing of this bit of misinformation decidedly irritating.

You see, Arians are also capable of seeing through bullshit like a plate glass window and will tolerate it almost as long as they will a boiling oil enema.

Your magazine looks very nice and well put together—so does the Good-year blimp—let's hope you're not going to fill **DRUMMER** with the same stuff!

Michael of Madtown

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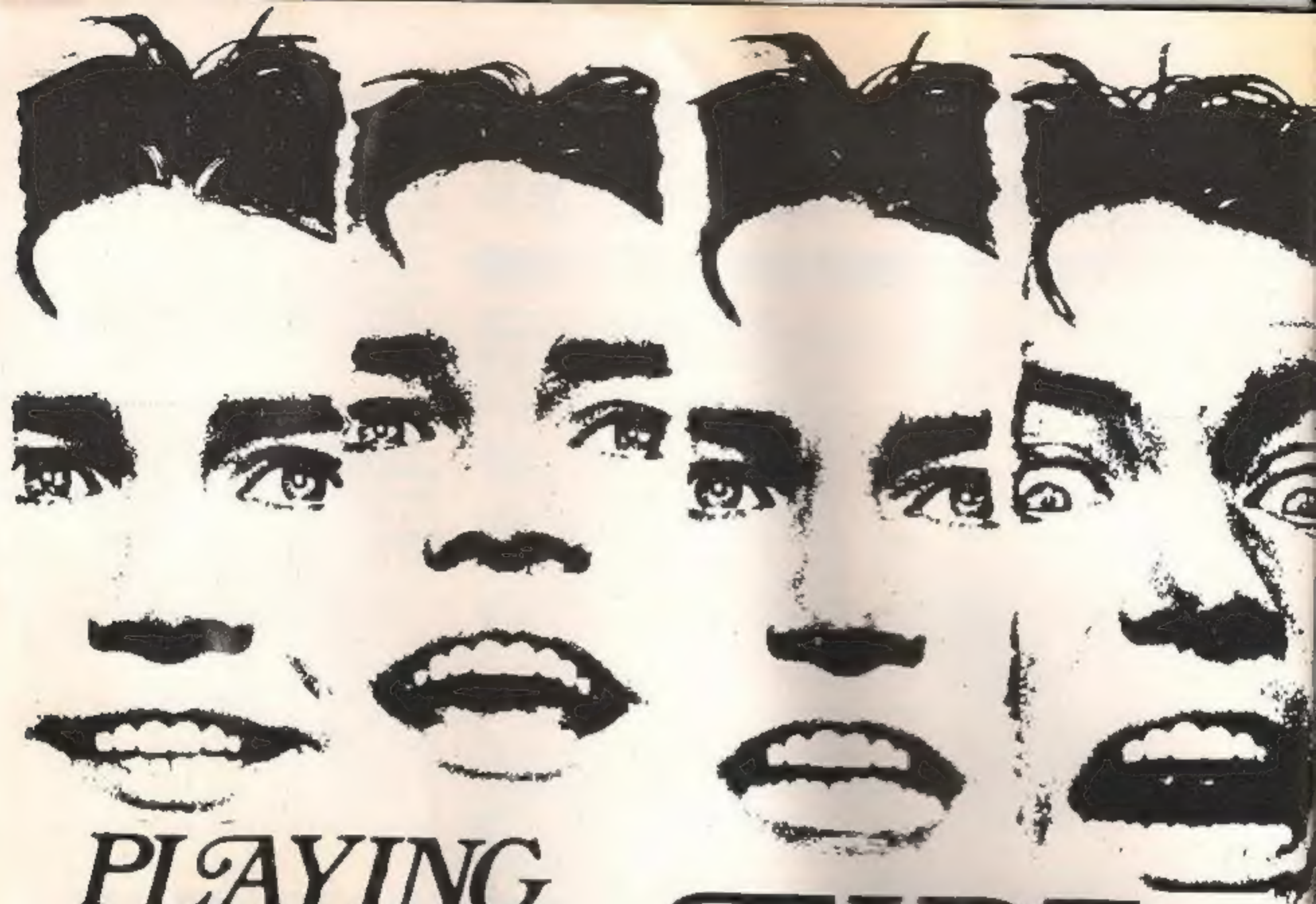
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PLAYING WITH FIRE

An original short story by: ORLANDO PARIS

I liked Rex Vidor. The New Orleans bar where we met was mixed: fluff and leather, but practically everyone wore jeans. It was a study in Southern subtlety.

Rex took me home, boozed and stripped me, and told me to lie face down on a fur rug. I did, and Rex took a shower. He came out dripping and threw himself on my back. I was nineteen then, and though my cherry had been long lost, the box it came in was still tight as a tit clamp.

Rex reared and bucked like a bronc or, rather, I did and he stayed well in the saddle. His long chestnut hair fell over my face on either side. I could feel those denim blue eyes drilling into the back of my head.

Rex shoved a sniffy in my nostril, and then, just before his orgasm, I felt a sharp burning pain in my armpit. From a pile of wooden matches, Rex had struck one and held it to my skin. Naturally, I thrashed around; there was a smell of burning sulfur and hair; my ass contracted. Rex dropped his load deep in my writhing gut.

Fortunately, the amyl had saved me from getting pissed off and the hell out of there, and Rex and I became friends. But I had to admit, much as I might have liked to be, I couldn't be his lover. I was turned off by Rex's little fun thing with the matches, though it obviously gave him a better fuck. I didn't disapprove; it simply wasn't my bag.

A month or so later Rex told me he had found Gary, who *did* dig the scene. Suggesting that I might want to watch, Rex invited me to his place on St. Ann Street for a session.

"How did you find Gary?" I asked.

"Simple," Rex replied. "We were sitting beside each other in Daisy's, and when I went to flick my cigarette he kept his hand right where it had been, covering the ashtray. I brought the butt closer and he still didn't move. The burning tip was a bare quarter-of-an-inch from the back of his hand. I looked at him, thinking maybe he had left his hand there unintentionally, perhaps drunkenly, but all he did was smile back at me, coolly, knowingly."

"I flicked the ashes," Rex continued. "He didn't move a muscle. I drank and smoked furiously; the prospect of what was about to happen excited me, and my jeans were bulging. I saw, too, that Gary was now erecting beneath the pale skin of his jeans. Neither of us spoke. Gary kept smiling."

"You didn't put your cigarette out on his hand there in the bar?" I asked, grinning.

"I did," Rex replied, "and just as we could smell the flesh burning Gary shot, right in his jeans. I did, too. We walked out together, cum staining the left thighs of both our jeans."

"Well," Rex went on, "to make a long story short, we shacked up that night, and I found Gary liked the match bit on his tits, his balls, his ass and, best of all, on the head of his cock."

"He didn't flinch?" I asked in amazement.

"Of course he did, but a little clothes-line and a dirty jockeyshort gag took care of that. I knew he was okay: he stayed hard as a piston."

"You can't just go around burning a guy with matches and cigarettes," I protested. "You'll run out of virgin flesh."

Rex laughed. "Don't worry," he said, "since then we've become pretty sophisticated. As I said, come by around midnight tonight."

Wild tigers couldn't have kept me away. When I arrived at Rex's he met me in leather chaps, boots and an open vest. He was a real turn-on.

"C'mon into the playroom," he said. "I'll get you a beer."

I walked into playroom. The light was a dim purple, and it took a minute for my eyes to adjust. When they did, finally, I saw Gary. He was attractive, early twenties, I'd say, and he flashed me a sexy grin.

He was flat on his back on a table, held by a chain around his neck, belts around his chest and waist, and chained cuffs from his wrists to the walls. His head was propped up so he could see. Gary's ass hung just over the end of the table, but was held in place by widespread shackles from his knees to the ceiling. Lines from his ankles to rings in the floor were taut.

Gary was totally immobilized in the sling, his most vulnerable parts exposed and open to any attack.

I was tempted to run my hand over his great stiffened cock, but Rex came in with my beer and a filthy wet jock-strap.

"Just pissed on this," he said. "It should keep him quiet." Rex grabbed Gary's blond hair and yanked backwards. Gary opened his mouth. Rex stuffed in the jock.

"Taste good?" asked Rex.

Gary groaned, as in ecstasy, his eyes following Rex's every move.

Rex, too, had a beer, and we drank together, ignoring Gary. He suggested that I strip for comfort. I did, seeing then that Rex was coming fully, impressively erect through the wide gap in his black chaps.

"Just relax and enjoy it," he said to me. "When I'm done with him I'll make him give you the best blow job you've ever had, but for now I have to get to work."

From a nearby table Rex took a tiny blowtorch, the kind I imagine jewelers use. It lit with a small whoosh, and Rex adjusted the flame from orange to blue, holding it in front of Gary's face.

"You want it?" Rex asked.

There was fear in Gary's eyes now, but he nodded assent and Rex brought the torch briefly between his nipples, pulling it away as the hairs on Gary's chest began to burn. Then again and again, in short little swoops, Rex bore in with the flame until the hair had been completely removed.

"Sing'd chicken," Rex laughed. "Now the fun starts." I had noticed Gary's armpits were clean; the result, I would guess, of an earlier session. There was only one place left to go.

Rex turned off the torch and set it aside, producing a three-inch ball stretcher which he put on Gary with no tenderness at all, yanking hard on his scrotum to pull it far enough out to accommodate the wide leather strap.

Gary was super hard. His cock was fairly long and reasonably thick, and it stood up from his body with raw naked pride.

Rex then showed me the cock ring he would fasten on Gary: it had sharp needle-like prongs on the inside, bound to cut into flesh when properly secured. It went under the bottom inside edge of the ball stretcher, over the base of Gary's cock and was snapped tightly into place.

Rex tied a short cord around the ball stretcher. To a hook at its end he fastened a pail.

"This is where we piss," he said. "I'll get us some more beer."

We each drank three more beers, sharing a j, smoking cigarettes, talking, ignoring Gary. It was Rex's party, and there was no reason to feel sorry for Gary. Gary remained steel-hard every minute, and there was a look of extreme happiness on his face. His cock

spoke for him.

Within a half hour Rex and I had each pissed twice, and the bucket was filling. I thought the strain on Gary's balls must be excruciating, but as we pissed a third time he only looked at us with beaming pleasure. I'm sure he would have smiled but for the jock-strap in his mouth.

Rex disappeared to the kitchen, I thought only to get us more beer, but I heard the hiss and soft noise of his gas stove lighting. He returned with beer. Then he relit the jeweler's torch and moved in on Gary's crotch. Slowly, methodically, he removed all of Gary's pubic hair. It stank, of course, but the torch never lingered long enough in one place to burn severely. The closest Gary came to a serious burn was when Rex played the flame slowly up and down and up and down the underside of Gary's raging hardon, letting the blue heat linger a second too long when it reached the turgid head.

There was a muffled shriek from Gary's gag, and I could see Rex's cock leap ferociously at the sound. Rex extinguished the blowtorch. We drank our beers, and once more we both pissed. The pail was full, dragging Gary's balls toward the floor.

Rex then produced a can of Crisco and began fingering Gary's asshole. The pail swung from side to side, sloshing piss on the floor. Suddenly Rex unhooked the bucket, untied the rope, and with his thumbs deftly shoved Gary's balls into his ass. He unsnapped the ball stretcher and poked the balls even more deeply into him. Then, with his belt, Rex brutally whipped Gary's ass, causing the hole to contract and clamp around his balls, until Rex was satisfied they they would not come out.

Without pubic hair, Gary's skin now showed blood dripping slowly from around the cock ring, but Rex ignored it. Instead, he produced two spring clamps and carefully fitted them onto Gary's nipples. I could see they were vise-tight; the tips of the nipples were swollen nearly to bursting. When they were positioned to Rex's satisfaction, he played with them, batting them back and forth to ensure their staying in place. They stayed.

Quickly Rex yanked the jock from Gary's mouth and replaced it with a bit which he fastened securely behind Gary's head. Into Gary's mouth and down his throat Rex forced a red rubber tube from an enema bag. Gary gagged at first but as the tube settled into place deep in his esophagus, he breathed deeply, moaning softly, his eyes glistening with fear.

Rex shoved a funnel into the free end of the tube, asked me to hold it, and then slowly poured the pail of piss into Gary. We could see his stomach distend as it took nearly a full gallon.

"He'll just have to hold it," Rex said. "He's too hard to piss, and if he throws up, he'll drown in his own puke." Gary



was hard, rock hard. Rex pulled the tube from Gary's throat and stuffed the jock back in with the bit. "If I think he deserves it, I'll ram a catheter up his prick to his bladder later on. For now we'll just let him enjoy it."

Rex patted Gary's stomach, gently stroked his cock, then suddenly punched him in the belly. The jab must have pulled on Gary's balls, strained his abdomen, and made him choke all at the same time: his forehead broke out in a fierce sweat. He groaned. His eyes watered. His eyelids clenched with pain. But his cock remained rigidly hard.

"Come with me," Rex said, and we walked out into the kitchen, leaving Gary to his thoughts and the expectation of what was likely to happen next, to his fears and his joys.

On the stove, its end lying red-hot in the high gas flame, was a brand. It was about 18 inches long with a wooden handle. Rex picked it up and showed me the design: it was a capital "R" with a circular pointed crown above the block letter, about one-and-a-half by three inches. It glowed red-white.

"Rex," Rex said. "Get it?"

I got it, and for a split second I was afraid. Then I realized that this was probably exactly what Gary wanted. The thought of Rex burning his brand onto Gary's ass sent the blood surging through me. Rex saw my cock jump.

"You like the idea, huh?"

"Yeah," I replied, "on Gary."

"It's on more than just Gary," Rex said, smiling. Again my cock surged. Rex's cock had never flagged. It was as huge, full and stiff as ever.

"Now I want your help," Rex said. "When you see me moving in, tear the clips off his tits. It will hurt like hell, and he won't even notice the brand. Okay?"

"Okay." We moved back into the playroom, Rex holding the brand below Gary's line of vision.

I stationed myself behind Gary, my hands on his shoulders, my cock resting in his hair. Rex stood between his suspended knees.

Rex nodded to me. My hands flew to the clamps and ripped them off, taking the skin with them.

Gary's scream was muffled effectively by the jock and bit.

The smell of burning flesh hit me at damn near the same second I heard the hiss of the red-hot brand searing into the cheek of Gary's ass.

Gary's whole body jerked within its confines but there was no slack in the bondage, and Rex held the brand in place.

Gary shot. Globbs and drops of thick sperm spewed from his cock onto his body, from his belly button to his face.

Rex dropped the smoking brand into the empty piss pail and leaned into the vee of Gary's legs. He shot, and spurt

after spurt of his white sperm slapped onto Gary's body. One clutch of drops landed on Gary's eyebrow and slid down into his eye.

To my surprise, I, too, came, my sperm shooting past Gary's neck onto his tan body. Again and again I spasmed, and I didn't stop for at least half-a-minute. Rex was still shooting, a drop or two of juice at a time now dribbling from the head of his cock. When Rex was finally wasted and I was totally wrecked, Gary's cock was still forcing out the last of his sperm.

Rex and I smeared all that sperm together on Gary's body, savoring with our tongues the essence of the scene, and then we collapsed with another beer.

Before that, though, Rex sloshed Gary's brand with rubbing alcohol and sprayed it with an antiseptic. He gently extracted Gary's balls from his ass, removed the bit and jock from his mouth, and kissed him long and hard.

I couldn't help noticing that Gary, still slung and exhausted to the point of near unconsciousness, kissed Rex back.

"If he behaves," Rex said to me with a smile, "I'll brand his other cheek some day."

Though his pain must have been fierce, Gary grinned, and his cock lunged upward again. The anticipation had just begun.

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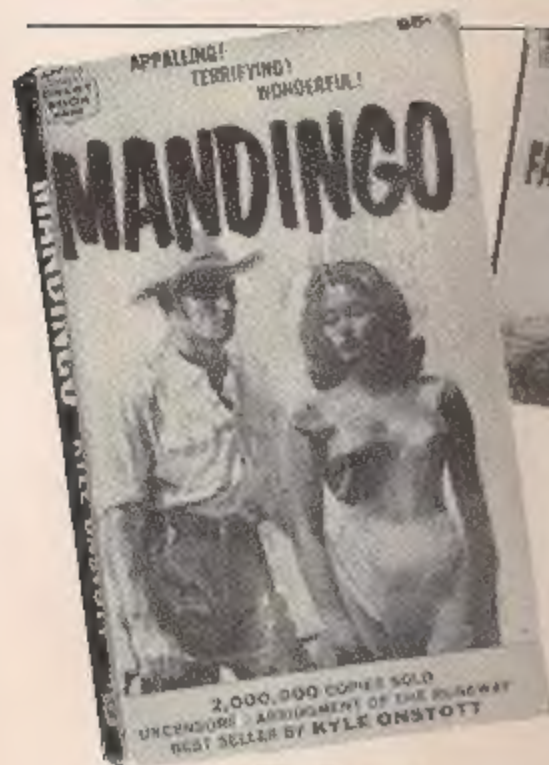
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BOOK REPORT

REVISITING



"MANDINGO"

The first of the "Falconhurst" series was "Mandingo," written by Kyle Onstott. Mr. Onstott also wrote "Drum," "Drumson" and "Master of Falconhurst." Lance Horner co-authored "Falconhurst Fancy" with Onstott and, when Onstott died, continued the series with "Mistress of Falconhurst," "Flight to Falconhurst," "The Mustee" and further adventures in slavery in locations other than Falconhurst plantation. But it is with only the Falconhurst series that we concern ourselves at this point.

These books have been called morbid, fascinating, revolting, interesting, sadistic, unforgettable, terrible, appalling and trash, depending on the reviewer. By comparison, the South of "Gone With the Wind" seems to be on the level of the Lawrence Welk Show. This article on the Onstott-Horner version of slave-breeding in the old South

has been assigned to three different writers, none of whom did anything with it. So I have gone out to the world of paperbacks and out on a limb, to find the aforementioned volumes and wade through the sex and violence and pathos and titillation that Onstott-Horner have given us.

We noted the number of imitators, many bearing lines as big as their titles: "As Electrifying as Mandingo" and "Not since Falconhurst has there been a place like..." So much for the also-rans. Let's take a look at the real thing.

What is a Mandingo? "They were a Mamitic tribe of Western Sudan, handsome, strong, sturdy and robust, of rich copper color and were more Moorish than Negro. They were, however, lumped with the true Negroes and enslaved when the slavers were able to acquire them," according to Onstott.

The series is set in rural, pre-Civil War Georgia. Falconhurst is a backwash plantation, unstylish and provincial, but extremely prosperous. Great cauldrons of gold dollars are buried on its grounds in soil that was long ago used up by cotton crops. Its main crop now is human beings, slaves in varying degrees of color. Falconhurst is known as far away as New Orleans for its fine, strong, beautiful blacks, sold in caffle once a year by their owners, the Maxwells. There is young, blond Hammond Maxwell and his aging gout-ridden father, Warren Maxwell. Mrs. Maxwell has long gone to her reward and the place lacks a woman's touch.

Hammond acquires a Mandingo named Mede, short for Ganymede. (Most of the slaves, you see, are named for famous people.) Mede is stripped down and harnessed to a plow to strengthen him as a giant "nigger-fighter." Along the way, Hammond also acquires a wife named Blanche, sister to a somewhat-queer Charles who not only digs his sister but shares her attraction to male slaves. The rest of the cast around Falconhurst includes Lucretia Borgia, the housekeeper, her twin sons, who are had by everybody, a veterinarian "nigger-doctor" for the livestock and a passing parade of hunky and overripe breeding slaves of various sexes.

Blanche is ignored by Hammond and, in her neglect, forces the Mandingo to service her (along with the twins). It is no surprise when the heir she produces is (gasp!) black. Hammond kills his wife and child, then boils Mede to death and pours the resulting cauldron of soup over Blanche's grave. At the close of the book, he takes off for the "Texies" to forget his disgrace.

"Mandingo" was made into a play which starred the late Franchot Tone and ran for one night. More recently it was a movie, and a sequel is now being filmed by the same studio that made a bundle on the original.

Subsequent volumes take Falconhurst through other overseers and even other owners. It is in "The Mustee," perhaps the best of these volumes, that



The Motion Picture version of **MANDINGO** starred Perry King as Hammond and James Mason as Warren Maxwell. The Mandingo Mede was Ken Norton. In these stills Mede is bought, fought and boiled. The film is a Paramount release, Dino De Laurentiis production

FALCONHURST



Warren Maxwell finally dies, although the motion picture version of "Mandingo" finishes him off by gunfire from a rebellious slave. In "The Mustee" Hammond is still in the Texies, Charles brings a giant blond German mustee stud to Falconhurst, Warren Maxwell is in bed with a stroke and Lucretia Borgia is running the place. The mustee's name is Bras d'Or (Golden Arm). He is the offspring of a young German cotton broker and an octoroon beauty from the island of St. Domingue. Over six feet tall and two hundred pounds of muscle, he was known as "the stallion" in his gym classes at school in other times. When his father died, he and his mother were sold. His owner kept him dressed in the height of New Orleans style for public display and stripped to the buff at home.

He is traded to Charles for a pretty Cuban boy, and Charles has decided to make a "nigger-fighter" of him. Soon after they arrive at Falconhurst, muted screams are heard throughout the old house. The servants peer through the keyhole and see a scene that turns their blood cold—especially that of the males.

"Please, Master Charles, no more, no more." It was Bras d'Or pleading.

"Go on, yo' goddam nigger! Beg. I tells yo', 'N whilst yo' a-beggin, crawl on yore black belly."

There is a swishing sound, the contact of a lash with flesh, and a yelp of pain.

"No more, for the love of God, no more, Master Charles."

"Yo' a-goin' to kiss my feet, yo' black bastard? Yo' a-goin' to crawl over here

on yo' hands 'n knees?"

"Yessir, Master Charles, sir! I will, but please don't strike me again."

Don't strike me 'gain! Don't do this and don't do that! What the hell yo' think yo' for? Yo' for to do jes' I tells yo'.

One of the servants sucks in his breath in astonishment and gazes through the keyhole openmouthed in fascination until another pushes him out of the way to look for himself. Through it all they hear the whip coming down on Bras d'Or's back, but now he's no longer able to scream. Finally it's quiet in the room. Then Charles says, "That's nuf for tonight. Git into bed."

Charles later tries to force money out of the old man lying upstairs, who has another attack and dies. Bras d'Or and the servants attack Charles and kill him violently. It is then decided that there must be a white man running the place or they will all be in trouble. So Bras d'Or becomes Herman Hengst, which is his real name, anyhow. He and Lucretia manage Falconhurst's slave-breeding affairs, doing some breeding himself here and there. At the end of the series, he takes the current crop of blacks to market in New Orleans. Unfortunately, he runs into Hammond Maxwell who is back from the Texies and on his way home. It is a wild but happy ending, with Hammond returning to Falconhurst to find the place full of blond mustee suckers and the crops harvested. Herman takes his new bride (another octoroon) to Germany where they can be free.

The literary style of the series is not

only not bad, it is good. It shows a side to slavery that is seldom touched by contemporary writers. The Southern accents are amusing and believable. The immense success of the original "Mandingo"—2,000,000-plus sold of the paperback alone—indicates that its author(s) were barking up the right tree. There is something for everyone, from lascivious love to lynching. And for the devotee, there are other books available by Horner on the subject of slavery.

"Roman Rogue" is laid out in ancient Rome. So is "Children of the Sun," which is almost completely homosexual in theme. "The Tattooed Rood" and "Street of the Sun" are set in Haiti. Horner's latest, "The Golden Stud," another best seller, is again back in the old South but not at Falconhurst. There is usually a gay sidekick among the characters, and traffic in male-for-male slaves runs secondary to the books' main story lines.

The ultimate fate of Falconhurst comes after many years and many hours of pretty exciting reading. We'll let you wade through these volumes yourself. Even if not considered monumental fiction, the series tells its story well and holds the reader throughout the telling. Falconhurst and its people show what American slavery probably was like. At least the authors' unusual approach to an even more unusual theme makes them worth exploring.

Scarlett O'Hara might have preferred Falconhurst to Tara.



**DRUMMER
GOES
TO A**

SLAVE AUCTION

The whole thing started out innocently enough, if a slave auction can be called innocent. The Leather Fraternity had promised its members such a function as its first get-together. It was to be an occasion to meet other members and to show the Bike Clubs and Leather Community that we really existed. Two things were important. First, it should be private, not open to the "tourists," the non-leather people. No gigglers, no voyeurs, no strangers and no tickets sold at the door. And net profits from the sale of tickets, after paying for the hall and expenses, were earmarked for such charities as the Gay Community Services Center, which was having trouble staying open.

February 14, being Valentine's Day, was chosen for obvious reasons. However, other than a few telephone conversations, nothing was done because it wasn't possible to be ready in time.

Actor Val Martin, our star auctioneer, planned to be out of town that month, so we decided on the second

weekend in April. Having such an event without Val was unthinkable. The only other likely candidate was Fred Halsted, who was busy with his own Package. Finally in March a letter was sent to Fraternity members, inviting them to the "Slave Auction Benefit" on Saturday, April 10.

Volunteers came by to be auditioned for their "slavery" roles. There were eager young faces looking for someone to serve, even for a weekend. The rules were carefully explained: monies raised from their "sale" were to go to the charity of the buyer's choice. There was no stipulation as to which organization would benefit. In fact, if the slave had a favorite charity, he could discuss it with his new Master. The only stipulation was that it be a GAY charity—none of this "Toys for Tots" shit that the Uncle Toms of the Leather crowd seem to be so fond of. Should the slave feel that his buyer was not to his liking, the buyer would be told privately that it was no deal, his check would be returned if he wished but thank you anyway. We weren't out to hurt anyone's feelings on either side.

The way tickets were selling, it was beginning to look as though we should have chosen a place larger than the Mark IV Health Club. However, we decided that anything more than 200 people would make it less than a sale and more of a circus. So the Mark IV was a little more air-conditioned and

organization in Southern California, obtained a one-day beer license. The Emporium was strong-armed into lending props of leather and metal to drape around. The Mark IV had a newly constructed set of stocks in the background, which were never used, but proved themselves to be very photogenic.

By nine o'clock that Saturday night, the affair was underway. Although things got off to a slow start, there was excitement stirring in quarters that had spent a fortune in money and manpower and whose efforts would make this an auction to remember.

But let's go back in time, back to before the affair was even planned. A bug was placed on DRUMMER's telephone lines shortly after we ran an article entitled "The Triumph of the Black Pipe," a final rundown of a police attack on the Leather segment of the gay community three years earlier. The article was, to put it mildly, critical of the LAPD's attitude on gay people to that date. It told of the fruitless (oops) waste of money, the lack of convictions as well as the hang-ups and the incompetence of the LAPD. In Los Angeles, it is dangerous to run such an article. This one was read in high

pressure. What is to do with a Slave Auction? It was merely setting the stage for a highly choreographed performance was to follow. After



carpeted and marked than necessary, but they had a mirrored "cell" to hold the "slaves." Overall it was a far more pleasant, less public than the things that are auctions in the Real World.

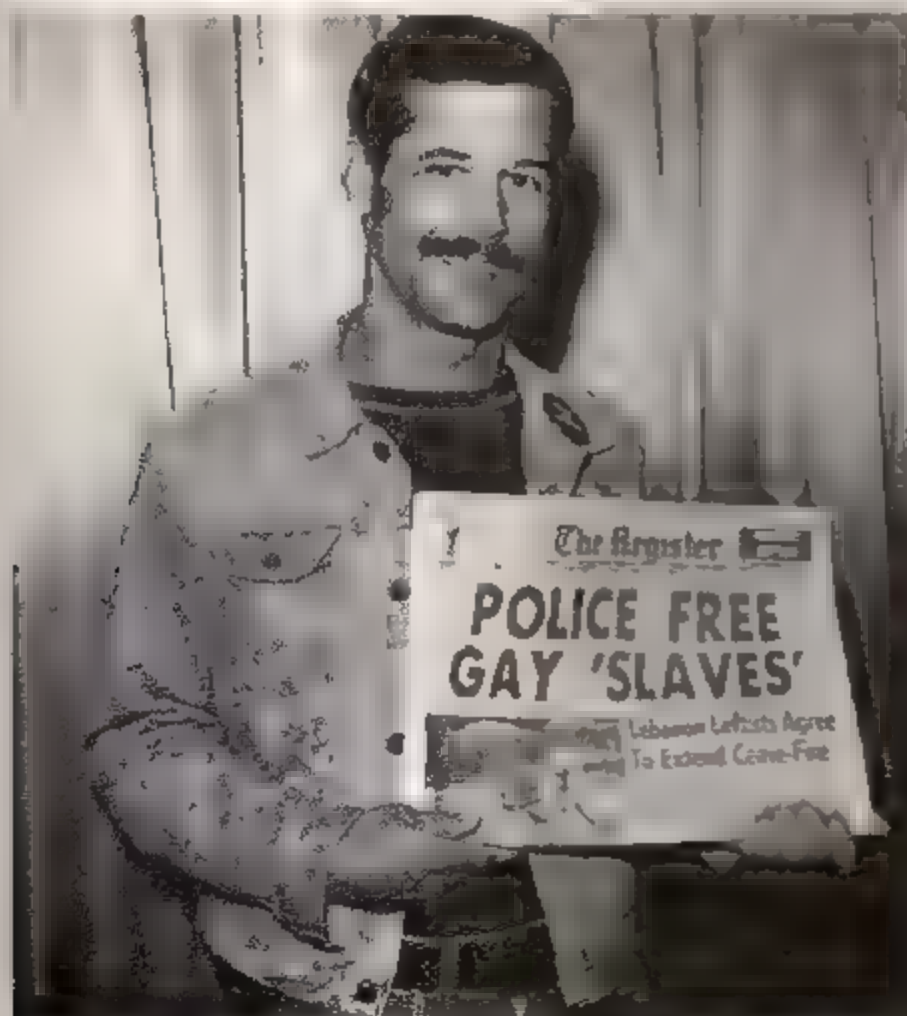
HELP: ... legal ...

tapping DRUMMER's telephones, long before any printed notice of the auction. The police began surveillance of (a) DRUMMER's offices, (b) the plant where DRUMMER and other gay religious and organization publications are printed, and (c) the homes of



VAL MARTIN, auctioneer at the LEATHER FRATERNITY auction is himself auctioned off at the fund raiser FREE THE SLAVES auction by filmmaker PAT ROCCO. Someone needed a master since VAL was

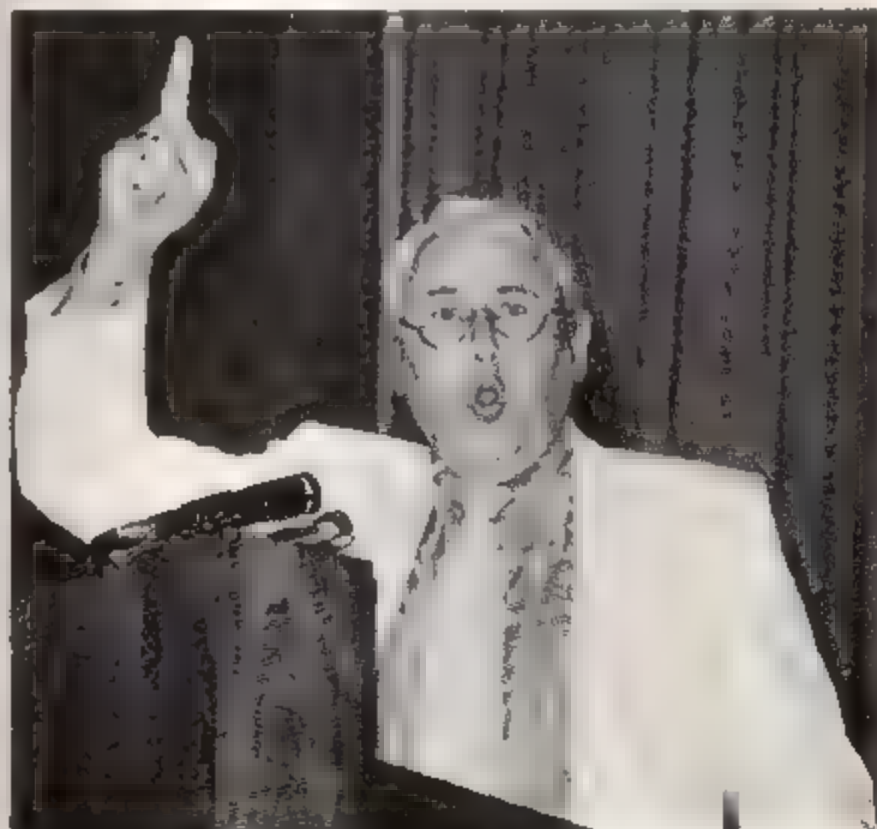
sold for \$250. His defiant salute to the audience at the close of bidding is typically our VAL. He was one of the four defendants the L.A. D.A. chose to charge. The L.A. City Attorney refused to press charges.



Headline on a par with "Dewey Defeats Truman" was bannered on the ultra-conservative Orange County REGISTER. Its equally inaccurate news coverage was never followed up as the REGISTER lost interest when the case took another turn. Surprisingly, the Northern California ADVOCATE was even more inaccurate, loading its columns with attacks on Southern California Gay leaders and the Leather Community.

Photo Credits.

Upper Page—BOB CLAYTON, Drummer
Lower Left—JOEL THAMES, NewsWest
Lower Right—BOB SELAN, L.A. Free Press



Los Angeles Police Chief EDWARD M. DAVIS has taken on the Mayor, City Council, State Legislature, Governor, Federal Government, L.A. Times, Women's Liberation, Blacks, Chicanos, Flaming Youth, but most of his vitriol is spent on the Gays, which he has termed "lepers". The Chief's use of something between \$100,000 and \$200,000 in city funds to launch his attack on the Slave Auction Benefit might have an effect on his upcoming usually sacrosanct Police Budget. However, in Los Angeles, EDWARD M. DAVIS is seldom challenged at all, by anybody.

both DRUMMER's editor and publisher. Spooky? You ain't heard nothin' yet. Twenty-four hours a day, a minimum of four able-bodied highly paid secret police watched members of the two households go to the market, the post office, the bank, the laundromat and the bathroom. Curious neighbors, fearing that the strangers with binoculars were narcs, started harvesting their crops. Deliverymen for the printers complained about being constantly followed by black and white cruisers, even into cities where the LAPD had no jurisdiction. The phones became so bad that half the time they wouldn't ring. The same thing was happening at NewsWest, DRUMMER's sister publication across town, which was the first indication that it might be something other than the inadequacy of the omnipotent Ma Bell. Pacific Telephone told us, when we complained that if we felt we had a bug on the phones we should "go to the police department." It's true!

Persons who were really up to something illegal would have, at this point, become suspicious. But in our blithe innocence, our "it can't-happen-here" attitude, we went right along, going so far as to fill late orders by special delivery to make sure our friends would not be disappointed. One of our friends turned out to be a Kenneth Flesser, aka Kenneth Schmidt of Post Office Box 71002, Los Angeles 90071. Mr. Flesser-Schmidt is by trade a postal inspector who works hand-in-hand with the Los Angeles Police Department. As near as anyone can tell, he is the closest the LAPD has to a civilian complainant to the first annual Leather Fraternity Slave Auction Benefit.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, our deliveryman, who had previously complained about being followed by young men in uniform, picked up H.E.L.P.'s beer and delivered it to the Mark IV. The Emporium donated a bartender to accompany its props. The people at the Mark IV were helpful at the door and everyone got ready for a good time. Saturday night in H*O*L*L*Y-W*O*O*D. Hot damn!

Hollywood, Gentle Reader, is a state of mind. So is Los Angeles, in its own little way. It is known for imagination, flights of fancy, an inability to separate fact from fantasy and a reputation for being somewhat kinky and far out. Los Angeles, on the other hand, has a national reputation for provinciality, ugly architecture and boorishness. People in San Francisco say that you have to be a masochist to live in Los Angeles. Perhaps not, but it helps. Somewhere between opinions lies reality. Possibly, the personification of this Bible-Belt attitude is L.A.'s police chief, Edward M. Davis (the "M" does not stand for Milhouse but for Michael). Davis is heir to the William Parker dynasty, and the way things are run in the LAPD, it was only natural for Davis to take over

Under the Los Angeles City Charter, the police chief is selected internally from civil service testing and virtually cannot be fired. Davis placed third in the tests, but was chosen above the other two. They were considered too liberal to replace the hard-drinking, God-fearing, Bible-quoting, Homo-hating Parker. He is paid more than the late J. Edgar Hoover, has a larger army, bigger budget (which he does not have to account for) and a longer list of enemies than Richard Nixon. He has, in the past, taken on the state legislature, the new governor, the city attorney, the Los Angeles Times, women in general and the first lady in particular, the federal government and his favorite: the gay community. It has been stated that the reason the Democratic Convention is not being held in Los Angeles is the instability of its chief of police.

On this Saturday night in discussion, Ed Davis acted on a discovery he hoped would even up some old scores. Still bristling from his defeat in the California Legislature when Willie Brown's "Consenting Adults Bill" was passed, not to mention a marijuana reform bill, he luckily came across a gay organization that was into WHITE SLAVERY. He could show the world what would happen if things became too free. Nothing was spared to make this show his piece de resistance. Officially, 65 officers from the Metro Squad were assigned to raid the den of iniquity. Actually, including publicists and overtime help waiting at Parker Center to process the arrestees, probably twice that amount of manpower was used.

Shortly after midnight, two helicopters hovered overhead and two big buses drew quietly up in front of the Mark IV. The street was closed off by flares. Police cars were everywhere. Klieg lights were set up for filming by both police cameramen and television stations which had been alerted to Ed's Big Night.

One can read a homogenized version of their entry courtesy of the AP or LPI wireservice. They came in like madmen, busting down unlocked doors, shoving people around, being abusive in the finest traditions of the department. They used nylon/plastic handcuffs, which everyone soon learned cuts off circulation rather like a tourniquet. The hands swell until there is no feeling, then the numbness spreads up the arms into the shoulders. Somewhat haphazardly, those in charge determined who was to be arrested and who was not. One fellow couldn't find his car keys to get his ID, and he talked the police out of breaking his car window. They finally let him go.

It was nearly 3 a.m. before the first bus drove off to Parker Center. No one was allowed to go to the toilet, and the bus was awash with urine. Later, the floor of a classroom-like holding room

was also covered. Finally, on demand by some of the more aggressive of the prisoners, a few of the plastic handcuffs were cut off, leaving horribly bloated fingers and hands bearing ugly red gashes where they had been bound. There was no particular system to removing the cuffs. There was no real reason to have anyone bound in that room. The slow, paper-shuffling legal process of Mr. Davis' jails was beginning. Everyone was stripped and searched. Some jewelry was removed, some left. Belts, watches and money were turned over to the police. Everyone's ass was searched, but for what no one, including the officers, seemed to know. Some of those in charge showed pure hate in their remarks and the handling of prisoners. Others appeared to be embarrassed. A large, somewhat overweight blond officer wearing Badge 8673, made the statement that "the guys are certainly cooperative. That's good, because we don't have to break any arms that way." Among the first questions asked of everyone arrested was not "Where do you work?"

"What is your address?" but "Where do you get your hair cut?" Weird.

Then began the waiting. There was a no-communication between the police and the defense as to whether the one knew what the other was doing. At any rate, when the cases went to court the following Friday, the D.A. was not ready, asked for a continuance. Ten days later, at the appointed morning hour, the court wasn't ready. All 40 arrestees had to return that afternoon. At that time, four of the 40 were arrested not for the original slavery charges, but for "pandering," the sale of a person for personal gain.

The remaining 36 defendants were left dangling this time by the City Attorney's office, which handles misdemeanors. Ultimately, not one misdemeanor charge was filed. All 36 defendants were off the hook.

A preliminary hearing for the four accused, including both the publisher and editor of DRUMMER, Val Martin, and the young man who accepted money for the charities involved, was held on the anniversary of the Stonewall uprising, June 28. Ed Davis' outrageousness has turned into the biggest cause the gay community has had in years. The present Los Angeles District Attorney, through his vacillation and his bowing to police pressure, has just about cancelled his considerable gay community support in the coming election. A move to circulate petitions to change the city charter and make the Police Chief answerable to civilians has been reported. DRUMMER's last issue is a collector's item; there are no more copies. This issue is pre-sold out through prior orders from distributors and bookstores. Just because of an innocent little auction?

Or perhaps Leather is finally coming of age. Even in Los Angeles.

Chapter One

Then came the sickness. It was there all along but with my head in the clouds and my cork continually out of my pants, how was I to know? And what was I to do? Other authorities were called in. Other voices heard, all well meaning, mostly telling me what I already know. As I look

ROBERT PAYNE



back the best I can say is that whatever was done however futile or inadequate was the best I could summon at the time.

Love had run its course. Mine, which had reignited since the beginning was no replacement for his which had seemingly evaporated. What could have been is no more to a point that one wonders if it ever really was.

It is inevitable to want to turn back the clock and envision driving down the hall to the hotel to find that smiling cock-sucker waiting again. I think in the dead of night about the sight, the sound, the smell of him and I wonder if things will ever be that good again anywhere - with anyone else. Could

his chains, his leather, ever be put on another's body, no matter how beautiful?

Everywhere I go everything I see and touch is filled with him. The small chain he wore around his neck, proudly and without interruption lies carelessly thrown in a forgotten drawer. His letters have ceased and of the constant flow of voices on the phone his is absent. He warms other beds and his laugh illuminates other rooms. Somehow he has in his neglect become the sadist and I the masochist. The tables are turned and the score is even.

Life, like love is fleeting. The death of a love consumes

both the master and the slave. What was is no more, to a point that one wonders if it ever really existed. The resulting stillness is deafening.

If an S&M relationship is more intense than, like Edna St. Vincent Millay's candle that burns at both ends, it will not last the night. . . But ah, my friends and oh, my foes, it gives a wondrous light.

I sat staring at what I had written. The sun was coming up but was not bright enough for me to read my early morning efforts. The light and the desk were as bad as Dan had always kept them. The desk was cluttered with papers, valuable and worthless intermingled. In fact, there was little sense to the whole room. Boxes of papers and books and unpacked junk were stacked everywhere. There wasn't a clear space anywhere to put an elbow or lay one's head down to have a good private cry. Which was what I wanted right at this moment. The light I could do without; most of the pages had been written with my eyes closed. There is something terrible about early, early morning. I remembered reading somewhere once of an ancient army that chose to attack the enemy camp just before dawn, "the time when men's spirits are at their lowest." The house was as quiet as if I were merely a part of the furnishings. The typewriter was still and I couldn't even get a rustle out of the paper I held to read. The room seemed cold and damp and spiritless, and I fit into it perfectly.

Jeannie had suggested my writing the piece. An obituary as therapy? Odd, but logical, as she could be sure to say, "It's over, and you are going to have to acknowledge it. The relationship is dead, finished, get it through your head."

I had a back page to do for the new publication. The heading was "In Passing" and could be devoted to anything. Why not an obituary. It would be like a ~~little~~ ~~thing~~ ~~the~~ only alive period of my life. He wasn't dead, though. I was.

This was the room he had worked in, or was supposed to have. It had all the tools of his trade: the writing materials, the books, the files that contained my dream of the past few years. The dream that had become our dream and was now back to being only mine. I was beginning to realize how he must have hated this room. It represented duty and responsibility and obligation. But there were no structured ~~things~~ ~~he~~ he spent here. He was on his own. No time to be here and no time not to be. I had asked the psychologist with the ~~two~~ ~~like~~ look, why Dan had made his working area ~~such a mess~~. It came off sounding as though I were asking why he ~~couldn't~~ do things my way. I suppose. At least the man never seemed to get my point.

"Why does he have to do it your way?" he asked. "What do you care how he does his work, if he gets it done?"

The point, you arrogant son-of-a-bitch, is that he didn't get it done, and we were sinking fast. Why did Dan resist it so? Life was there on a silver, or at least a pewter platter, and he devoted all his waking hours to screwing up this beautiful gift. Life was fleeting, I had written. I said the first words of the day aloud, "Life is over," and went to the kitchen to make coffee.

Making coffee is about the limit of my culinary skills. I really don't even do that particularly well. Dan would use spring water and unusual grinds of coffee and although he drank it black, there was usually fresh cream for mine. I plugged in the pot, dug out some canned milk and went downstairs to shower. We used to shower together. He would bathe me lovingly, kneeling before me to wash my legs and feet and look up at me with the water running over those blond curls and down his strong jaw. If all went well with my timing I would piss on him and he would bury his face in my crotch, wrapping his arms around my backside. After he

dried me off and he would have dripped almost dry. I'd flick the long towel at his backside and say the same thing every morning: "My brother was always good at this, but I need more practice." And I'd practice away at those smooth buns. He'd jump and assure me that I was as good as my brother had ever been at it. In a way, at that point, he, too, was my brother. He liked to put on my robe and enjoy coffee with a neighbor who made a habit of dropping in when he came home from his night shift job. Or with the perpetual carpenter who would arrive early to work on the remodeling that never seemed to get finished. Or sometimes even with me. But I was always in a hurry to get to the office, a little disappointed that he was still relaxing around the house, long bare legs stretched out in front of the big chair, laughing at something he was telling me from a play or a book or an article in the morning paper. He would ask what time I'd be home for supper and remind me that we had tickets to something or that someone was coming for dinner. Off I would go to my world, leaving him to his. And how little I knew about that world of his.

Jesus, how do you go back in time, except in your imagination? How do you relive good or bad periods of your life, unless you sit down and think them out—or, as an additional piece of therapy, write them down? That, gentle reader, is exactly what I am doing. What has happened since that terrible morning of the obituary needs to be put on paper, not so much for you to read, but as an exercise for me—to see how I got there, wherever in hell I am.

The last attempt at counseling the two of us back together was a colossal bust in anyone's estimation. We were to meet for dinner at an Italian restaurant that was a favorite of Dan's. We agreed to meet with Jeannie, who was far more qualified than the degreed doctor, and certainly more compassionate. The psychologist was right on one count, however, when he said to Dan: "You, my friend, don't talk." And then to me, "And you don't listen." Where between the lines had Dan been trying to tell me of the terrors he was experiencing? Or of the insecurities and anxieties of which my often-Germanic nature had no inkling.

He had given up drinking with almost missionary zeal. And in place of bars he spent that time in meetings, God knows where or with whom. But that is another part of this story, and must come later.

We ordered dinner that fateful night and before they brought it, he and I were shouting at one another. Only once before had we done that. He stood up to go, even before the food arrived, to keep his weekly appointment with the aforementioned shrink. I, too, had an appointment for later. There was what seemed at the time to be a big deal going that night, and I remember saying somewhat pompously, "There will be half-a-dozen people arriving soon at the house for something that could be the biggest thing we have ever been involved with. However, if you and I could get our act together, here, I will let them wait on the front steps for however long it takes. Dan, this, here and now, is the most important thing in our lives."

He must have thought otherwise, since he wordlessly turned to leave. I took the parting shot, "Then go, just go. I really don't give a damn what you do from now on."

He left his dinner and walked out to discuss it all with someone other than me. Anyone other than me. I had struck out and hurt him; he left hungry and we had his dinner wrapped to take home. But he didn't come home that night, the first time he'd stayed away in the year-and-a-half we'd been together. Jeannie and I walked to her car, she chiding me for saying things I didn't mean.

That next morning I saw the first in a long series of surprises.

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five in the trainer's room

by Scott Masters

Photo by Roy Dean

PART IV

The blizzard that had been threatening all week came close to reality on Thursday. It blackened the northwestern sky like smoke from the Gary steel mills, intermittently lit by internal lightning flashes, hurling rumbles of thunder through the blustery streets. Those few inhabitants of the small Indiana hamlet forced from their Victorian houses into the inhospitable outdoors glanced furtively upward, then scurried about their business with increased urgency. Old-timers smugly predicted a "real wingdinger" once the snow began to fall.

Nothing, however, could prevent the gathering together of the five impatient athletes in their trainer's room at eight that night. Guards Dicko and Manuel again drew close together, but Thaaao and Moses, who had forged an intimate bond the previous evening, now kept far apart: the only two as yet untried. Left tackle Johnny Todd remained aloof, his seventeen-year-old body still feeling the effects of the

night before. It was even painful for him to pass wind.

Only two marbles, the red and a white, were placed in the cup. Just one draw would be necessary tonight, and Thaaao and Moses bickered noisily over who it would be while all five automatically stripped to the skin. They were accustomed now to the fact that simply thinking about the hour to come could cause their loins to warm, their cocks to swell, their balls to lift, their breaths to shorten. But they found it more and more difficult to maintain eye contact for any length of time.

Johnny angrily cut through the Thaaao-Moses brouhaha: "Enough o' that crap!" he shouted. "You, Greek-boy, you pick the fuckin' marble!"

Startled, Moses Brown stepped away, and Thaaao stretched his lithe body toward the cup. He toyed with the two visible marbles for a few moments, erotic images flickering through his mind. They both felt exactly alike, the way his own two unseen nuts had the same feel in his low-hanging sac. Pushing these thoughts aside, he took

a deep breath and made a selection.

It was the red marble.

Moses' tensions eased as Thaaao threw the marble violently across the room and turned to face his nascent tormentors; handsome face mask-like, Greek god body almost at attention, his long and slender uncircumcised cock semi-erect and pointing to one side. The complete narcissist, he dreaded any violation of his perfect face and form, but knew he would submit to anything rather than chicken out in front of his peers. Besides, he kept reminding himself, one of the rules was "No permanent injury or marks that would show."

He squared his broad shoulders bravely as the others ritualistically ordained the order of torturers. It would be Dicko first, followed by Johnny, then Manuel, culminating, ironically, with Moses, who all now knew would be the victim at their penultimate session the following night. It made Moses feel very strange and, recalling the shrieks and tears he'd witnessed in the course of the week, deep down a

niggling doubt formed: would he have the guts to show up?

To prepare Thaa for his first ordeal, Dicko took an exercise slant board from the closet and set it up in the center of the floor. He commanded his naked slave to lie on the device, head down, and strapped him to it at ankles, thighs, waist and neck. Then he made Thaa pass his hands beneath the board and tied them together under there. Thaa was fully immobilized, just barely able to move his head, his virile young body utterly exposed to the desires of his Master. In anticipation, his cock had fully filled and was standing straight up.

Continuing his preparations, Dicko snapped a clothespin over Thaa's nostrils, forcing him to breathe solely through his mouth. As soon as the jaw involuntarily relaxed, he thrust two tongue depressors edgewise between the teeth, stabilizing the mouth open in a weird travesty of a smile. Thaa's diaphragm pumped rapidly and, although he shook his head frantically from side to side, he could not dislodge the pin from his nose. He was already in acute discomfort, and the timing hadn't even started! What the actual torture was to be he couldn't imagine, unless (which was the most unthinkable of thoughts) Dicko was planning to fuck him in the face. The audience of three crowded closely as Dicko finished making his victim ready by dropping a heavy terrycloth towel over his head.

Manuel followed Dicko's movements avidly, eyes roaming the nude body with undisguised hunger, barely able to keep his hands away from the enticing flesh. Dicko was not unaware of Manuel's gaze as he sauntered to the sink and filled a five-gallon can with warm water, adding soap to mix it into a foamy mass. He brought it back to the center of the room and straddled his helpless subject, facing his head, bare buttocks settled firmly on the taut stomach. He noted with satisfaction that the tip of Thaa's hard cock brushed tantalizingly against his coccyx and reached behind to give it a quick, vicious squeeze. Then he called for the timing to begin.

Blinded by the towel over his face, Thaa was unprepared for the gush of warm soapy water that was poured through the cloth into his gaping mouth. He sputtered and choked, as the weight of the liquid carried the towel deep into his throat. It was swallow or strangle, but to swallow would be to drown. He tried to contract his throat in order to limit the watery intake, but there was no longer sufficient air in his lungs to prevent suffocation, so he gulped in the noxious liquid.

As he continued pouring relentlessly, Dicko felt the belly beneath his ass begin to swell. Ignoring Thaa's gurgled cries, he put the can aside momentarily and began to bounce his butt on the distended area, watching his cock and

balls flop freely on the bare chest trapped between his thighs. The jouncing caused Thaa to regurgitate the vile concoction back into the towel, from which cul de sac it dropped back into his throat. It was the most exquisite of agonies, mental as well as physical, and he knew he could very well die from it.

The fiendishness of the torture was that he couldn't have called a halt even if he wanted to. He could only gasp and choke, submitting to the alternate pressures on stomach and chest and throat. It struck panic to his very soul, but his screams were stifled in strangled sobs, the frenzied thrashing about of his head an exercise in futility. All he could see was a blood-red haze, shot through with pinbursts of orange and white, the psychedelics of pain. "Time!"

The second he was released, Thaa dashed to the sink and washed out his mouth and throat with huge draughts of sweetly fresh water, chest heaving, broad back bent over, buttocks shining bright with sweat, black hairs curling coyly from the cleft in his ass. His only consolation was that nothing had been done to disfigure the classic beauty of his face or to mar the majesty of his carefully developed body. But he reminded himself that the evening had barely begun, that there were three more trials yet to be undergone.

Pleased with his performance, Dicko moved back to Manuel as Johnny hastily got some things together for his turn. The five-minute respite was nearly over, and he didn't want the dude who had dropped hot wax on his bare back the night before to get one second more of rest than he had coming. It was as if he could still feel those searing drops on his flesh, and he was anxious to have his former tormentor's body in his revengeful hands.

"O.K., pretty Creek, spread it out there on yer fuckin' back on the rubbin' table, pronto!" His time had come.

He taped the shaved ankles to one end, and then, going to the other, grabbed the wrists and pulled the body as tight as he could before fastening them to that end. Once again Thaa found himself concerned about the vulnerability of his finely proportioned body, especially his oversized cock and balls, now so available to the caprice of his captor. But, oddly, the more he worried, the longer and stiffer his prick became, a formidable focal point for all the eyes and minds in the trainer's room. Dicko and Manuel, in particular, fingers gripping each other's erections, seemed fascinated by the promised feast there. Moses still maintained his distance, lost in thoughts of the morrow, his narrowed eyes, nevertheless, did not miss a thing.

"My area's the mother's fuckin' chest and pecs," Johnny proclaimed, reaching into a locker and withdrawing two matching military hairbrushes. Gripping one in each hand, he approached

the proud body proffered prone and pinioned on the table. "Start timin'!" he called gleefully, raising both arms high above his head and bringing them down with all the force in his strong young arms on the still-tender area just above Thaa's navel.

The initial effect was a sudden expelling of the air from the victim's lungs, a sound similar to the first burst of steam as a train starts, but along with it a barely audible moan. Then Thaa experienced the aftereffect: a deep tingling which spread like a fire beneath his flesh in the assaulted area. Finally, the surface agony separated into hundreds of individual pinpoints of pain, one for each of the sharp ends of the numberless stiff bristles. The pattern speckled his violated skin.

Aiming a bit higher, Johnny separated his licks, changing from one hand to the other as he methodically undertook to cover the entire naked chest, from waist to shoulders, with reddened rectangles. Each one escalated Thaa's initial hurt. His whole body was aflame, tears smarted his eyes, the table was soaked with sweat. But Johnny, for ten arduous minutes, concentrated his punning like some mad voodoo drummer. Tiny drops of blood appeared where the bristles landed several times on the same spot. The only exceptions were the actual tits themselves, and these Johnny had been wickedly delaying for his final five minutes.

The first blow, delivered with battering force to the right tit, caused Thaa to lurch turbulently within his bonds, and a piercing cry rent the stale air of the trainer's room. Dicko and Manuel clutched each other's rampant rods in a paroxysm of passion, and Moses Brown's sharp intake of breath, an aural exclamation point to the ululation, froze him in place. Limited by the restraints, Thaa's thrashing about could not spoil the aim of the next blow, and suddenly his left tit vied in anguish with the right. The responding shriek from his hoarse throat, as well, was equal to the first.

Johnny seemed to feed on those shrieks. Body glimmering with a wash of perspiration, he vaulted onto Thaa's waist and beat a steady tattoo on those sensitized amber circles, first one and then the other, marveling silently that with each clout the centered nipples grew more blatantly firm in answer to the punishment being meted out to them. His entire chest one huge hurt, Thaa was unaware of when "Time!" was called and the beating at an end. It came upon him gradually, not that the torture, but that the screams—his screams—had stopped. An onslaught of silence, not the termination of pain, brought him back to ghastly reality.

The 15-minute "half time" break was not nearly long enough for him even to re-establish a pattern of normal breathing. His chest burned excruciatingly,

and his mouth and throat still smarted from Dicko's infliction of the soapy liquid. He knew the subcutaneous ruptured vessels across his muscular torso were but a temporary disfigurement. Striking terror to his heart, however, was the inescapable fact that the session was only half over, and all that remained as target areas now were below his waist. Manuel and Moses, about to have their innings, stalked about the room like caged animals.

Next up, Manuel had confiscated the long lariat of shoelaces from Wednesday's session and was busily cutting several lengths of nylon straps. When all was in readiness and the time was nigh, he had the cocky Greek stand up on the table, wrists crossed in front of crotch. With the shoestring cord he tied those wrists firmly together and then looped the ends closely around the cock and balls, knotting them soundly, inseparably connecting hands to genitals. Thaaos was confused. If anything, he reasoned to himself, his priapic privates were now protected from profanation.

Two strips of nylon straps were then threaded by Manuel under Thaaos' armpits. He threw the loose ends over two of the overhead pipes, pulled them fast, and tied them off. His final step was to tape the ankles to a 50-pound weight plate. Thaaos was half hanging, from the straps under his arms and half supported by his feet on the table. The upward pull on his shoulders caused severe pressure where the cords locked his wrists to his genitals, but it was not, as yet, unbearable.

That happened immediately Manuel yelled "Start timin'!" and roughly kicked away the table. The unexpected yank on his cock and balls as the weight dangled in midair brought a belch from the depths of Thaaos' being, and he drew his knees high into the air to relieve the pressure. This unnatural position, with the weight tugging at his feet, was impossible to hold for any length of time, but the instant he let himself relax the jerk on his testicles caused him to try to lift his knees up again into the strained posture of temporary relief.

There was something obscenely puppet-like in the self-manipulated twitchings of the hanging stud. Manuel's Mexican ingenuity had created a situation that made of Thaaos his own persecutor. Cramps crept into his shoulders and back muscles, knots formed in tightened thighs and calves. Breathing required a supreme effort. And through it all, foremost in the mind of the sufferer was the panicky thought that if he were to relax utterly, he would surely castrate himself—a mental torment perhaps even more horrendous than the physical.

Having nothing more to do, Manuel took his place beside Dicko, the two naked football players rubbing together unashamed, hypnotized by the frenzied gyrations of their prey. Calloused hands wandered and searched and

touched and massaged. Their panting was second only to that of the victim, and sweat sparkled on their brawny bodies. Inevitably, those meandering hands found anchor at the jutting handles projecting from one another's crotch, and a gently insinuating up and down movement replaced earlier haphazard gropings.

Johnny was entirely rapt upon Thaaos' convolutions, but Moses was dividing his attention between the subject and the stopwatch in his great black hand. All week he had been scrupulously fair as timekeeper, and he craved the same consideration when he was being worked over the following night. The second hand crept slowly toward its goal, to be neither hurried nor slowed until it finally touched "Time!" Moses called out.

Thaaos immediately dropped Dicko's throbbing cock, and the two of them hurried to relieve Thaaos from his enslavement. He dropped to the floor in a ball, and Manuel swiftly untied the knots in the cord around his genitals, fighting for his breath and to calm a series of spasms that scudded beneath his skin from muscle to muscle. Thaaos found himself unable even to consider what Moses might do to him the next time of the evening. Only the darkness in the big black's eyes remained in his consciousness.

Moses turned the stopwatch over to Johnny Todd, and looked Thaaos up and down approvingly, making a full circle around the naked body. "I choose that long mother-fuckin' cock, an' you ain't soon gonna forget what us blacks think about pissin' white peckers!"

He shoved Thaaos over to the table and made him sit across its width, thighs spread wide, ankles gripped underneath with tape. Then he took a long length of nylon strap and threw a loop of it over his prisoner's head from behind, the knot fell to the middle of his back, its two ends hanging down over the edge of the table. He wound each of these around Thaaos' shoulders, pulling them even further apart, then drew the ends back up and around his neck again, completing the bond. He wound them around his arms, under the elbows, and knotted the ends most effectively fastening his hands together.

Coming to the front of the table, he sat facing Thaaos and took the slender cock in his hand. Almost instantly it began to enlarge, and only the slightest pressure was necessary to bring it to its full length. Hood pulled back, Thaaos' head alert. Moses knotted a noose of cord just behind the head and pulled it toward the end of the table, running the strand over the edge and anchoring it to the central stanchion. Unable to move, Thaaos looked down at his entrapped member fearfully.

Moses' Promethean prick was itself at awesome attention, and Manuel and Dicko had resumed their mutual masturbation, as the order was given to

Johnny to start timing. Brusquely clapping a pail over Thaaos' head, climaxing his sense of absolute impotence, Moses took a flexible steel measuring tape from the janitor's closet, unrolled about two feet of it, and brought it down cruelly with all his strength on the elongated penis snared defenselessly before him.

Thaaos brayed like a bull being brutally de-balled, his worst fears confirmed, certain he would never piss or tuck again. His cry reverberated back into his ears within the encircling metal, adding to the ache within his brain from the now-constant attacks on his captive cock. Blow after blow was delivered by his heartless Master, cunningly running down the length of the target from base toward head. Strong enough to inflict awful punishment, but not so powerful as to break skin, the measuring tape was the perfect instrument to conform to the rules of these sessions.

As the tempo of the flogging quickened, so did the pumping procedure that Manuel and Dicko were now applying to each other's hardons, matching the rhythms of their irregular breaths, their free hands kneading innocent bare asses. Johnny watched them lustfully out of the corner of his eye, but most of his attention was fixed on the darkening membrane that contained Thaaos' puissance. He secretly envied its great length, but consoled himself that by comparison his own was considerably thicker, as well as circumcised.

When the first blow was landed directly on his glans, Thaaos felt an explosion within his skull that fragmented into myriad bursts and sparks, each a universe of unbearable agony, blasting against his eyes, ears and teeth rattling and grating within the pail rasping through bone marrow into the furthest extremities of fingers and toes. He bawled and roared and screeched, but the flagellation of his cockhead only increased in fury as Moses lost all control in the doubling and redoubling of his efforts.

Johnny had called "Time!" twice before getting through to Moses' crazed brain. Manuel and Dicko, enthralled in both each other and the sadistic scene at the rubbing table, reached orgasm simultaneously as the final blow was struck. Their jism jetted onto bellies and chests, milkily veneering the boys' bodies with a pearly patina. They touched each other with an awkward gentleness, adrift in an unknown sea devoid of familiar landmarks or signs.

Once freed, Thaaos drew apart from the others, especially Moses, who had been the first to go so far over the edge. Moses could feel a general aura of animosity from the entire group and fear clutched at his heart at the thought of being at their mercies the next night.

If he showed up

to be continued

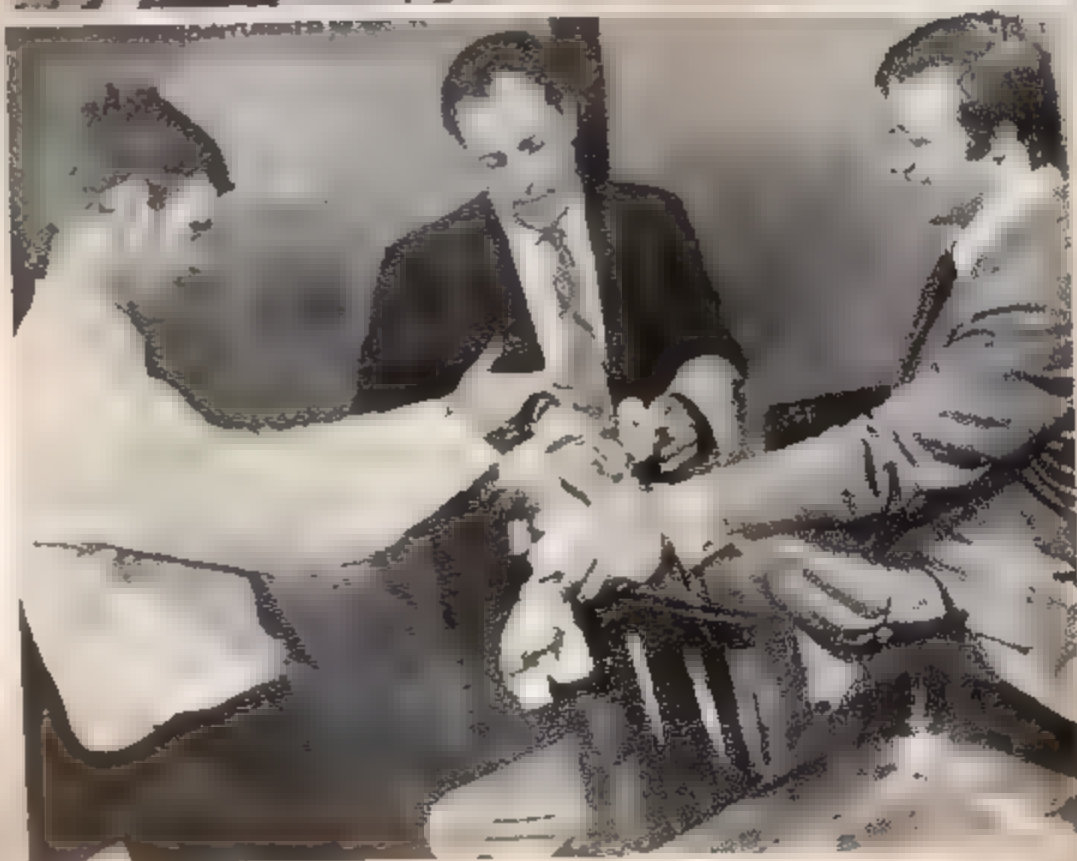
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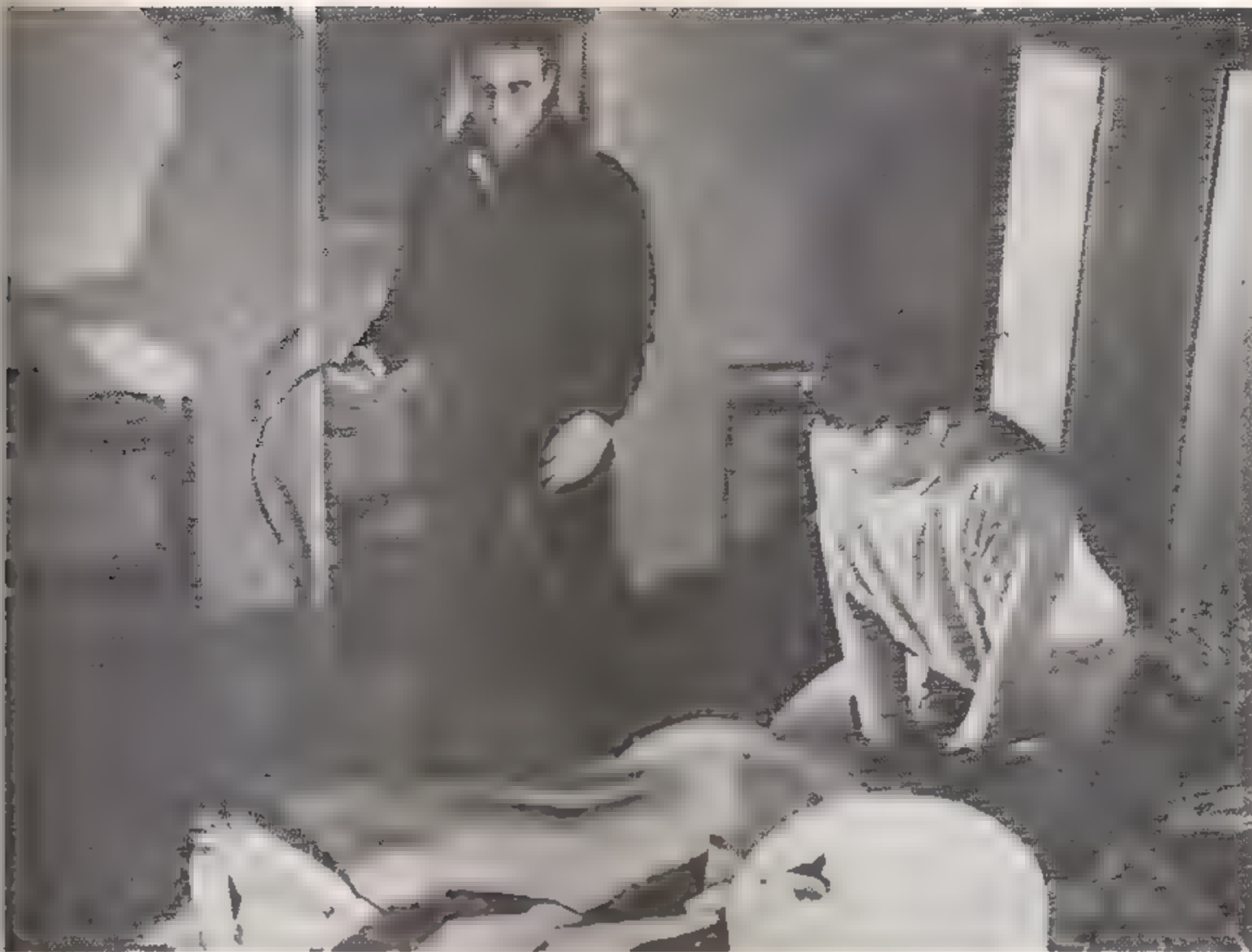
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James Fox leads the hi-jinks in "PERFORMANCE" with a shaving of the opposition's chauffeur's head and an acid treatment for his Rolls Royce.

It then becomes Fox's turn when a numbers operator wrecks his apartment, strips our boy down and belts to the Fox bur-





James Fox is flogged in Performance (1970)



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INDIO, SM. Leo 44 5'10" 165. White 6 1/2" Completely inexperienced Will understand your needs Box 243

LA PUENTE, M. Gemini 38 5'9" 168. White 7 1/2" Novice Prefers under 45. Box 320

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LOS ANGELES. SM. Scorpio. 41 6' 150. White 7". Knowledgeable. Will understand and respect limits of knowledgeable, compatible partner. No fats, blacks. Box 208.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Leo. 30 6' 155. White 7". Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, pds. Box 307A

LOS ANGELES. M. Libra 42 5'6 1/2" 135 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242

LOS ANGELES. M. Capricorn. 53 5'11 1/2" 210. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No slob. Box 347.

MALIBU. SM. Leo 32 5'9" 139 White 6 1/2". Novice. Leather wearing, dogist wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to tolerate his ego and temper. No one right stands. Sharing a must. Box 1850

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42 6'7" 138 White 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation training from stern Master. Box 048A

MARINA DEL REY. MS. Virgo 38 5'11" 168 White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries 42 5'9" 145 White 5". Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350

MILL VALLEY. M. Capricorn 35 5'11" 150. White. 8". Novice M. Knowledgeable S. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker to 34 heavy. No W/S. Must be cut. No fats, blacks, pds. Box 224T

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MS. Aquarius. 45 6'1" 160. Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. SM. Libra 35 5'6" 130 White. 7". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects him. No fats. Box 181T.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. S. Virgo 38 6' 155 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of partner to 35. Mexican, Asian preferred. No fats, phonies, redheads, over 6'. Box 188

OAKLAND. S. Sagittarius 50 5'10 1/2" 155 White 6". Novice. Must be well-built and obedient. No scat. Box 345

OAKLAND. M. Pisces 52 6'7" 200 White 6". Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fems, dopers, hippies. Box 425

OXNARD. M. Aries 42 5'10" 90. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus 41 6' 155 White 5". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 46 5'11 1/2" 175. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear end action. Box 067A.

PASADENA. M. Scorpio. 43 6' 106 White 7". Novice. Prefers older partners. No fems, fats, olds. Box 150.

PASADENA. M. Sagittarius. 47, 5'10" 150. White 6. Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

RICHMOND. S. Capricorn. 45 5'11" 162 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks completely passive cut slave of same race with Sundays free. No fats, dopers, scat, W/S. Box 090F

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer 39 6'1" 225 White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 256A

SAN DIEGO. M. Leo 38 6' 190 White 7". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K

SAN DIEGO EL CAJON. S. Cancer 56 40 White 6 1/2". Butch type leather master needs red slave for fun and pleasure. Must be cut. Box 175

SAN DIEGO. S. Gemini 43 5'6" 160 White 7". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drugs, dirty types. Box 182V.

SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37 5'11" 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Cancer. 38 5'8" 130. Black 5. Novice. Former M wishes to work out S fantasies with inexperienced partner born on the 1st of any month. Body hair a must. No fems, fats, blonds. Box 032

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Gemini 34 5'10" 140 White 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and physically superior. Not fat or over 39. Box 152

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Leo 35 6' 143 White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No fems, fats, heavy drugs. Box 075

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Libra. 50 6'2 1/2" 185. White 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respectful. Box 126A

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Leo 34 5'8" 150 White 6". Knowledgeable. Sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No fems, fats, drags. Box 145

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Gemini 3 6' 185. White 6". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for rough person. No permanent relationships. Box 157.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra 33 6' 70 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular older more mature. Box 170

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus 36 5'10" 165. White 6". Knowledgeable. Clean cut, elegant type preferred. Absolutely no role switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer 31 5'11" 175 White 6". Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Aries. 55 6' 182 White. 6 1/2". Old hand. Thirty year S&M veteran seeks partner to 50 able to take moderate to severe whipping, some W/S. No role-switching, fats, scat, FF, drugs. Box 187P

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Leo 36 5'8" 130 White. 8". Knowledgeable. Will totally control intelligent, masculine partner to 40 into all areas of sex. No fems, fats, drunks. Cut preferred. Box 229M

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Leo 37 6' 140 White 6". Novice. Masculine. Prefers educated, beefy, fat, dominant man into uniforms, law enforcement. Seeks submission but not abuse, mutual respect and affection, complimentary mate. Tattoos, mirrors, hairy, plus factors. Box 294Y.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Pisces. 30 5'10" 200 White 7". Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Aries 46 5'6 1/2" 135 White. 6 1/4". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fems, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

SAN MATEO. MS. Libra 35 6' 170 White 8". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older more mature. Box 170

SAN MATEO. M. Aries. 38 6' 185. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo 29 5'5" 160 White 6". Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM. Ages 25 and over. Just of towners we come. Box 122

SANTA BARBARA. SM. Leo 30 5'10" 145 White 6". Willing to learn and expand experience with partners who have their own places. Toys. Box 242

SANTA MONICA. S. Capricorn 40 6'1" 145 White 7". Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other Ss. Words, into to 3 on pete castle. Box 33T

SANTA MONICA. S. Pisces 48 6'3" 175. White 7". Shaves body. No fems, fats, or quick fucks. Box 185M.

STANFORD. MS. Virgo 44 5'7" 55 White 7". Knowledgeable. Inhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No fems, fats, boxers. Box 206

TUSTIN. M. Libra. 35 5'7" 130. White. 7". Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No fats, no scene. Box 216

WOODSIDE. SM. Aries. 33 6' 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No fats, balds, scat, over. Will switch roles with rough person. Box 189

COLORADO

AURORA. M. Aquarius 23 5'8" 150 White 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110

AURORA. MS. Gemini 22 5'11" 145 White 6". Completely inexperienced. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner up to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680

DENVER. M. Libra. 30 5'9 1/2" 195. White 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254

HENDERSON. S. Aries. 32 6'2" 190 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Dominant, demanding. Jude seeks partner to 48 who does what he is told. No one dirty or non-masculine. Box 304L

CONNECTICUT

GREENWICH. S. Cancer. 46 5'11" 160 White 6". Knowledgeable. Has fine leather toys. Seeks butch, sincere partner who knows how to serve. No fats, fems, phonies. Box 051E

MILFORD. S. Capricorn. 44 5'10 1/2" 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Educated, experienced former police officer and champion motorcyclist seeks devoted, masculine M willing to be completely owned should be intelligent. No drugs, drinks, fems, fats, cheats. Box 309

MYSTIC. S. Aries 50s 5'10" 175. White 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually inhibited, honest partner up to 30. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329

RIVERVIEW. M. Cancer 26. 5'9 1/4" 165 Black 8'. Completely inexperienced. Willing, passive and eager to learn from dominant, take charge guy 30 to 50, 6' or over. Should be muscular. No passives. Box 044.

SAGINAW. M. Leo 58. 5'11" 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra large, uncult, hairy. Want training as a toilet slave. Box 050M

MINNEAPOLIS. M. Pisces. 38. 5'6" 138. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L.

MISSISSIPPI

FLORISSANT. M. Sagittarius. 46. 6'1". 185 White. 5". Novice. Prefers heavy, lengthy session. Box 090

MISSOURI

COLUMBIA. SM. Gemini 25. 5'11". 165. White 5". Novice. Leather/bondage enthusiast seeks straight appearing partner who is discreet, will switch roles. Bikers, uniforms a plus. Wants contacts in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri. No feds, beards, blattants. Box 051M

KANSAS CITY. M. Scorpio. 50. 5'8" 125. White 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo. 30. 5'11", 215. White. 6". Novice. Needs clean, discreet honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs. Box 245

SWEETGRASS. MS. Aquarius 50. 6'1". 180 White. 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No feds. Box 230

WAYNE. M. Pisces 34. 6' 165. White 6 1/2". Novice. Seeks not too experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS. MS. Taurus 32. 5'11 1/2" 170 White 11". Novice. Prefers musclemen. No feds, long hair. Box 270

ATLANTIC CITY. SM. Libra. 30. 5'9". 170 6". Levelheaded, friendly Q.J. Simpson type bondage games enthusiast. Knowledgeable. Prefers athletic hunky types. No feds, fats. Box 060R

CHERRY HILL. S. Scorpio 31. 5'8" 150. White. Knowledgeable. Bondage. No olds, fats, skinnies. Box 290

LINCOLN PARK. M. Capricorn. 52. 5'9 1/2". 159 White 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Wants heavy nipple action, W/S from burly S up to 40. Group scenes a real turn-on. No fats, slenders, smalls. Box 135M

MORRISTOWN. S. Scorpio 26. 6'2" 180 White. 6 1/2". Novice. Dominant dude seeks self supporting true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291

NEWARK. M. Aries. 33. 6' 170. White 7". Knowledgeable. Black Master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z

**WHAT THE FUCK
IS THE LEATHER
FRATERNITY?**

NEWARK. MS. Libra. 54. 5'9 1/2" 155. White 8 1/2". Completely experienced. Seeks training from younger person. Box 294W

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Leo. 43. 5'9", 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R

ALBUQUERQUE. M. Taurus. 23. 5'6". 150 White. 7". Novice. Will obey relaxed secure Master in all ways. Must have large endowment. Interest in sports, outdoors preferred. No turkeys. Box 375

ALBANY. MS. Cancer 24. 5'11 1/2" 165. White 6 1/2". Novice. No oldies, fatties, feds. Box 240

ALBANY. S. Gemini/Taurus. 40. 6'2", 225 White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight appearing who digs police scene. Box 317

AMHERST. M. Virgo. 27. 6' 200. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 000M

BRONX. M. Libra 54. 5'11" 150 White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Has need and capacity to serve butch Master into uniforms, boots, breeches, etc. Prefers over 44, 5'10" No fats, heavy pain/torture trips, FF. Box 017

BRONX. M. Scorpio. 42. 5'10". 158 White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a toilet slave and houseman servant. Two or more Masters preferred. Box 255

BROOKLYN. S. Leo. 44. 6'3", 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in Slave. Limits respected. Box 189F

BROOKLYN. S. Aquarius. 25. 6'3". 190 White 6". Novice. Dominant dude seeks partner under 30 into Levis, wrestling, occasional role-switching. No feds, fats, blacks. Box 125F

CLAYTON. SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7 1/2". 160. White. 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open-minded, discreet dude. No feds, fats, scot. Box 292

GLENS FALLS. S. Pisces. 46. 5'8". 150. White 6". Knowledgeable. Will train willing Slave under 30. Limits respected. Prefers lock type athletic Slave. Box 260

HUDSON. MS. Leo 36. 4'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good looking slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 180

MT. VERNON. SM. Leo. 46. 6'. 175. White. 8". Novice. Digs bikers, cops, cowboys, wearing partner's clothing. Must be clean, masculine. No drugs, fats. Box 184D

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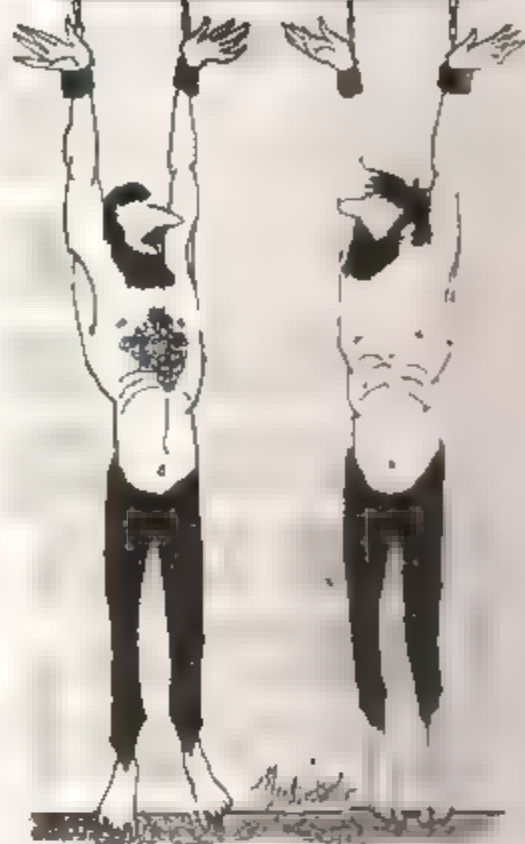
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DRUM BEATS



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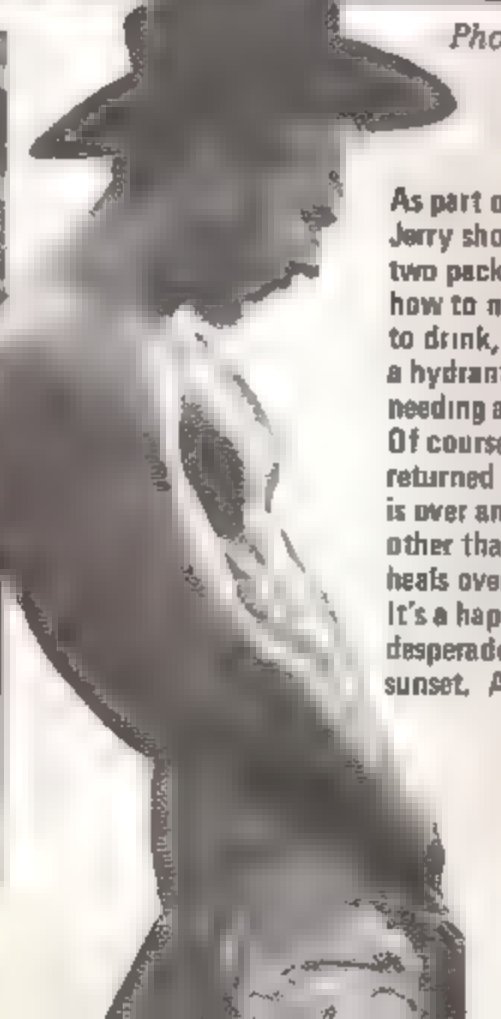
TWO GUYS IN THE WILDERNESS SHOW US THE INS AND OUTS OF ROUGHING IT



TAKE A GUY IN A WHITE HAT WITH HIS HORSE IN THE BACK COUNTRY. ENTER ONE STUD IN A BLACK HAT (YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS) WHO TAKES OVER. TERRY IS THE GUY WITH THE HORSE, JERRY IS THE BLOND WITH THE BLACK HAT. STRIP THEM DOWN IN THE BRUSH, SHARING A CANTEEN AND A CAMPSITE AND YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF AN UNFORGETTABLE WEEKEND.



Photography by Gary King



As part of this outdoors fantasy, Jerry shows Terry how to carry two packs instead of just his one, how to never be without something to drink, no matter how far from a hydrant and how to sleep without needing a bedroll to keep warm. Of course, Terry's clothes are returned to him when the trip is over and we're sure everything other than the brand itself heals over. It's a happy ending with our two desperados riding off into the sunset. And on a White Horse.



MORE BOOKS

"TIMMY"



TIMMY by R.F.M., RFM Productions, 1976, 8 1/2 x 11 paperback, 40 pages illustrated, Box 1025, Glendora, CA 91740, \$10

Let me just say that I've never seen anything like it before. Oh, sure, I've seen magazine-size paperbacks before. Larry Townsend's "Chains" immediately comes to mind. But "Chains" was a novel, not illustrated, and heavy-handed. "Timmy" is a long, long short story, light as a whippoorwill, and full of the most graphic scenes of shit and piss ever to grace a printed page. That's right, folks: "Timmy" is bowel movements for days!

The really funny thing is that it all holds together well (no pun intended). The story moves from point A to point B (which takes 27 years) with a craft and style totally unexpected by knowing the subject matter in advance.

The question in your mind, as it was in mine, has to be: Just how much can one say about water sports and scat? Well, "Timmy" proves that there is more than meets the eye.

Oh, there's sex all right, and surprisingly, plenty of it; and not all of it refuse-orientated. As a matter of fact, there is even something to offend anyone (unless you're an atheist), but I have no intention of telling you what that might be.

If you've never been involved in the bladder to backside set, the illustrations will make it all come alive. It was just like being there (which I have not, incidentally).

But it's so bizarre that, like the Master De Sade himself, it is utterly fascinating. And it's the easiest way I know to become an authority on the subject without getting your hair wet!

John W. Rowberry



THE STORY OF HAROLD by Terry Andrews, illustrations by Edward Corey, Avon/Equinox Books, 1975, paperback, \$4.95, 388 pages.

"For now—relax! And come with me. You have no choice, I've invited you. We will have a lot of sex. You are going to laugh a great deal—people have no idea how blithe a suicide can be! And you'll meet a few human beings whom you'll have to love as much as I do."

Terry Andrews (if that's his real name, which I doubt) lives in a very real fairy tale world called New York City, alone, with a very unreal imp named Harold.

Harold is a creation of Terry's. He is slightly larger than a yardstick and converses with rats, screams, darkness, snowflakes and mink coats; all of whom are personal but problem-causing friends of his.

Terry, on the other hand, converses only with recognizable life forms: the child of an old girl friend; an Irish bum with a death-by-fire wish; a doctor to whom Terry has introduced the joys of fist fucking; a not-too-young divorced woman with whom Terry is having an on-again, in-again affair, and the blind son of the above mentioned medical practitioner.

And that's just about the total of the cast of characters.

However, since almost everything in Terry's world is somehow reflected in Harold's world, everyone has another side or personality or soul, or whatever you wish to call it.

What has happened is this. Terry Andrews once wrote a very successful children's book titled, ironically, "The Story of Harold." "Very successful" meant not having to work for a few years. Of course, Terry intended to fol-

low up his bestseller with a sequel. But he never got around to writing anything down, spending most of his time trying to understand why he invented Harold in the first place.

So, in October of 1968, realizing he was headed for suicide, Terry began keeping a diary. All was well. Terry busied his life answering ads in underground sex papers, jacking off, hanging around in the city's better leather bars, and making copious notes in his suicide journal.

Harold, on the other hand, had no wish to end his existence. He was content to spend his days saving the world from screams that needed release, solving disputes between rhinestones and diamonds about who sparkled the brightest, and reuniting the disbanded rat family.

And, somehow, Harold managed to thwart each attempt of Terry's to leave this too-bitter flesh.

Suicide comes and goes, like all transient things. The reality of Harold's world, slowly but surely, merges into the unreality of Terry's until both are one, and roles (such as they are) change into lives.

"The Story of Harold" is obtuse and symbolic, for sure, but most importantly, it is about everything important to human beings—and resolves itself in the finest literary style.

It has been, for this reviewer, a week of the sweetest kind of sadness spent with Harold and his friends. Scenes of human tenderness and man's inhumanity leap from the page and burn themselves into one's memory forever. Interspaced with Edward Corey's bizarre drawings, snatches of poetry, and the incredible story of Harold, "The Story of Harold" is exceptional.

John W. Rowberry

NEW YORK, M. Cancer 38 6'2". White. 6" in. Intermediate. Weightlifter with 46" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5" Box 023

*****NEW YORK, S. Capricorn 40, 5'10", 150** White. 8" Knowledgeable Will humiliate and dominate partner with fetish for uniforms, breeches, boots. Fetishes and complete slavery a must Box 068

NEW YORK, S. Libra, 42, 6', 175. White. 7" Knowledgeable. Seeks intelligent partner Not a "sex only" type Box 071E

NEW YORK, M. Sagittarius 31, 6'3" 165 White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Macho M wants FF from bearded and/or moustached S to 45 No fets tags Box 071T

NEW YORK, S. Pisces, 32 5'8" 145. White 5 Novice. Must be worshipped completely by imaginative M to 50 Will respect limits. Hairy a plus. No fets, Orientals. Box 086F

NEW YORK, MS. Gemini 30 5'11", 160 White 8 1/2". Prefers bearded or moustached b ker. No fets or egotists Box 133.

*****NEW YORK, S. Taurus 44 6', 170.** White 7" Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P

NEW YORK, M. Aries, 42, 5'11" 170, White 5 1/2" Knowledgeable No long hair No fets Box 155

*****NEW YORK, M. Libra, 48 5'6' 180.** White 6" Novice Will submit totally to patient, respectful, persistent Master into heavy S&M, C&B work, uniforms, whips No scat blacks, true brutality Box 184G.

NEW YORK, M. Pisces, 28, 5'10 1/2", 140. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master Prefers clean shaven short hairs Box 257B

NEW YORK, M. Libra, Mid 50s, 6'3", 165 White 6". White-haired man of distinction will serve real male, any age, who fantasizes beating Daddy's ass, fucking his professor, pissing into his priest, making the boss suck his ass, etc. No fets or fanatics. Box 290X

NEW YORK, M. Pisces, 33, 5'7", 135. White 6". Novice. Craves domination, restraint, rough treatment from handsome knowledgeable Master under 40 No heavy drugs, drunks. Box 320

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 36 5'8", 136. White 7" Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55 Box 070T.

STATEN ISLAND, MS. Sagittarius, 35, 5'7", 140 White, 5 1/2" Old hand. Wants slim and clean Toilet training in rubber and swimwear. Box 330H

UNIONDALE, M. Sagittarius 23, 6'1", 200 White 6". Completely inexperienced. Will try anything for right Master Box 005

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH, SM. Cancer 43, 6'1 1/2" 195. White 8 1/2". Novice. Dom nation without physical pain Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156.

RALEIGH, MS. Taurus, 34 6'1", 165. White 8" Novice Will obey sexy, imaginative stud Black preferred. Box 158.

FLORIDA

NOONAN, M. Cancer, 33 5'9", 150. White 6" Novice Into rough sex, W/S, the raunchier the better Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn on. No scat Box 229

OHIO

AKRON SM, Sagittarius, 39, 6'2" 165 White 8". Knowledgeable N.E. Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks, versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154

*****CLEVELAND, MS. Aries, 40, 5'10", 155** White, 6 1/2". Novice. Loves to suck, be fucked, please partner No heavy pain trips, fets, dirty Box 158H

CLEVELAND, MS. Leo 31 6'1" 185 White 7 1/2" Completely inexperienced Muscular guys with cock under 7 1/2" preferred. Box 130

COLUMBUS M. Aries, 35 5'10 1/2", 165. Black 7 1/2" Knowledgeable. Wants to serve Master(s) Box 151E

COLUMBUS, SM. Taurus 23, 5'9" 150. White 6 1/2" Knowledgeable Seeks stable, cut partner under 31 No fets, fets, hippies Box 304

COLUMBUS, S. Virgo 37 5'9", 183. White, 6 1/2". Novice Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fets, fets. Box 307F

DAYTON, SM. Virgo, 30, 5'7 1/2", 185. White 5 1/2" Experienced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40 No hard drugs, fets, fets. Box 123

LAKEWOOD S. Leo 46 6'1 1/2", 175. White, 8" Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient slave who is clean and well endowed Box 205

*****MASSILLON M. Libra 35 6'1 1/4" 215.** White 7" Completely inexperienced. Willing to serve and eager to please clean, well muscled Master to 45 No fets, hard drugs. Box 165P

MIDDLETOWN, M. Gemini 44, 6'7 1/2" 150 White 7" Novice Leather boot fetishist seeks Box 170T

*****PERRYSBURG, M. Cancer 39, 5'9", 150** White 7 1/2" Knowledgeable. Into golden showers. Prefers police, leather, cowboy types. No scat, fets, fets. Box 180H

OREGON

PORTLAND, SM. Sagittarius, 33, 6'3", 198 White 6 1/2" Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular No fets, fets, redheads Psychological domination more than physical pain Box 028

PORTLAND, S. Scorpio, 32 6', 175. White, 8". Knowledgeable. Looking for young, true slave willing to serve and be owned fully for life. Must be uncut and hung Box 064.

PORTLAND S. Pisces 43, 6'1", 145. White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy. Wants Slave for prolonged B&D for head and body training. Beginner OK. No fets, fets, dopers, quickies. Box 187J

PENNSYLVANIA

BUCKS COUNTY M. Taurus, 48, 6' 145. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, intelligent man with leather tastes No hardcore S&M, drugs, fets, blacks Box 252C

EAGLES MERE, M. Gemini 31 6' 200. White 7". Knowledgeable. Will submit and totally obey right Master who respects limits and wants continuous relationship. Box 167C

HARRISBURG, M. Scorpio, 40, 6' 163 White 8" Novice. Needs discipline and bondage Box 319.

LANCASTER, SM. Virgo 38 5'7", 155. White 5 1/2". eager to earn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude. No fets, fets, scat Box 194.

PHILADELPHIA, SM. Pisces, 40 5'11", 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body No dopers. Box 088T

PHILADELPHIA, M. Aries 25 6' 160. White 6 1/2". Military scene. Must be honest, intelligent No crazies, scat, drugs. Box 195J

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SUIT W zipper & side of "Thong"
on back. No back strap. Size: waist
28-30 and 11 1/2 g 11 1/2 c 11 1/2 g

15⁹⁵

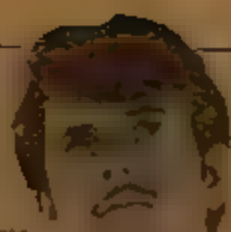
The Emporium

6666 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90033



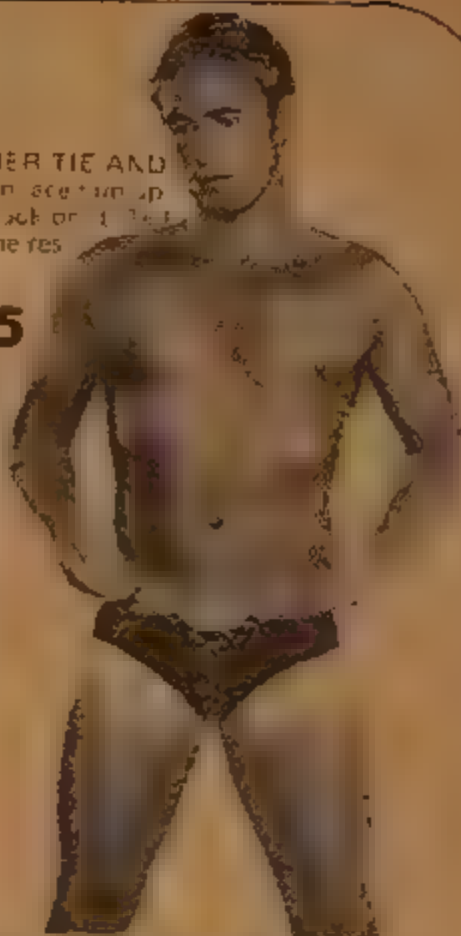
BLACK NYLON BIKINI W/ZIP
PER & TIE SIDES. Metal grommets
and black leather ties along with
Industrial Zipper front. Size 14.95

14⁹⁵



BLACK BIKINI WITH LEATHER TIE AND
METAL GROMMETS. You can see up to
tight in black nylon and put a lock on it. 11.95
as the waist size and we'll do the rest

11⁹⁵



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TOP QUALITY FAMOUS NAME FORM
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- ☐ TOP ☐ BOTTOM
- ☐ MASTER
- ☐ SLAVE

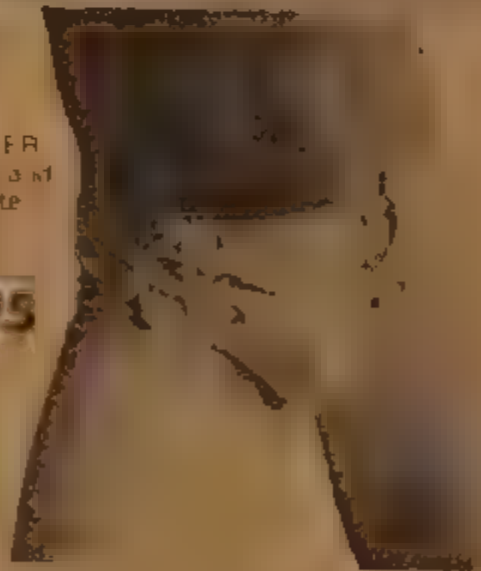
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in your life.**

WHITE OR BLACK NYLON CRUISER
PANTS WITH THE POUCH! Rope Tie and
Grommets. You fill the pouch but state
your waist size and length.

9⁹⁵



19⁹⁵

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pieces on
art stock,
ready for
framing.



9⁹⁵

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NUDES
ever

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PHILADELPHIA. M. Ar es 26 5'10", 180 White 6". Knowledgeable. Willing and subservient for level headed partner under 30. Must be cut Black preferred Box 186

READING. SM. Cancer 43 6' 160 White 6" Novice. Enjoys bondage. Respects limits Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut Box 051B

UPPER DARBY. M. Capricorn 35 5'10", 165 White 7 1/2". Novice. Needs control and discipline from knowledgeable S who respects limits No fems, tats, beards. Box 211

WAYNE. MS. Leo 47 5'7 1/4" 145 White 7" Semi knowledgeable. Willing to learn more from sincere, straight appearing, respectful Master 30 to 50. Mustaches a turn on. No fems, tats, blacks Box 276G

WEST CHESTER. SM Taurus 30 5'4" 130 White 5 1/2". Novice. Respectful, honest helpful Master seeks solid, clean, affectionate partner to 35. Must be cut. Hairy chest, tattoos a turn on. No tats. Virggs heavy drugs, drinkers Box 318

YORK. M. Cancer 28 5'8" 220 White Will completely serve S to 35 who will dominate verbally, mentally, physically. Prefers someone nearby into verbal humiliation, slave and dog training Box 104M

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE. SM Gemini 55 5'10" 148 White 5 1/2". Novice. Seeks local contacts under 50. No tats, hard drugs Box 327

SOUTH DAKOTA

SIOUX FALLS. M. Gemini 27 5'9" 150 White 7" Novice. Submissive, aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No fems, glasses. Box 263

TENNESSEE

COLLIERVILLE. S. Leo 33 5'11" 165 White 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular Box 300E

MEMPHIS. MS Aquarius 37 6'0" 180 White 6 1/2". Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140

MEMPHIS. S. Scorpio 25 6' 190 White 6 1/2" Knowledgeable. Short hair. big balls preferred Box 270R

TEXAS

DALLAS. M. Scorpio 30 6'2" 155 White 6" Knowledgeable. Wants masculine guys to paddle bare ass, watch thighs and calves with riding crop. Must be 18 40 and respect limits Box 002

DALLAS. S. Ar es 47 5'8" 130 White 7 1/2" Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No tats. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049

DALLAS. S. Ar es 39 5'11" 190 White 6 1/2" Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No fems, tats, hippies. Box 137

DALLAS. S. Libra 39 5'11" 170 White 7" Knowledgeable. Permanent slave has police and Marine Corps discipline experience Box 252M

FORT WORTH. MS Aquarius 47 6'2" 210 White 7" Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No tats, fems, fith drugs. Box 059D

FORT WORTH. M. Leo 30 6'1" 150 White Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons Box 257D

HOUSTON. M. Cancer 42 6' 145 White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Oral y oriented, real y digs W/S, FF with partner who respects limits. Will submit to any painless scene and turn on to a Master into painless bondage. Age unimportant Box 183F

HOUSTON. S. Libra 29 5'8" 155 White 6" Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly Box 313

SAN ANTONIO. M. Ar es 31 5'10", 160 White 6" Novice. Enjoys sex with and domination by a real stud to 40. Must be well-endowed, over 6' tall. No drugs Box 246J

SAN ANTONIO. S. Virgo 40 6'2" 186 White 8 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No tats Box 450

MISSISSIPPI

ALEXANDRIA. M. Leo 25 5'11" 170 White 5 1/2". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel Box 061

ARLINGTON. S. Capricorn 30 6' 155 White 8" Knowledgeable. True top man seeks honest, discreet, passive partner into definite pain trip. Muscular, hairy 1 possible. Spends summers in Woodport, New Jersey. No tats, hard drugs Box 047L

RICHMOND. S. Leo 57 5'9" 172 White 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred Box 400

WOODBIDGE. MS Scorpio 42 5'11" 180 White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers M role but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 259

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE. MS Cancer 25 5'11" 175 White 6" Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beating Box 138

TACOMA. SM Capricorn 35 6'2 1/2" 190 White 7" Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, tats Box 185G

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA. MS Libra 36 5'11 1/2" 175 White 6" Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean straight acting person. No 40's or hardcore S/M's. Box 161

WATERTOWN. S. Libra 27 6' 175 White 7" Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types Box 130W

WYOMING

LARAMIE. S. Gemini 25 5'10" 180 White 6 1/2" Novice. No role-switching. Muscular, dark preferred Box 073X

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA. S. Taurus 34 5'8" 154 White 7" Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breacher/leather guys. Box 067

CANADA

PORT ALBERNI, BRITISH COLUMBIA. M. Pisces 42 5'7" 142 White 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced and obedient, willing to service and please Leather Master, into B&D, W/S. Black a real turn on. No fems, tats Box 048L

WEST VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodations in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male stations, any race, and their slaves Box 000

DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO. SM. Capricorn 25 5'8" 135 White 7" Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non-smoker preferred. No drugs Box 285

KINGSTON, ONTARIO. SM Gemini 37 5'9 1/2" 170 White 5" Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190

NAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO. MS Cancer 47 5'9". 170 White Old hand. Must like boots, leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential Box 088A

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. SM Aquarius 40 5'11" 175 White 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers considerate, intelligent, bodybuilder type over 25. Box 029

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. MS Aquarius 27 5'11" 165 White 6". Knowledgeable. Can offer barn scenes on farm to knowledgeable S to 50 or small, goodlooking M. Persona, cleanliness a must. No role switching during scenes, no redheads Box 070X

OTTAWA, ONTARIO. S. Taurus 40 6' 175 White 6" Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, fit work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS Capricorn 23 5'7" 120 White 6" Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto Box 074

TORONTO, ONTARIO. S. Leo 50 5'7" 162 White 7" Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No fems or under 25. Box 080

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Leo 33 5'9" 150 White 7 1/2". Novice. seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No tats or heavy drinkers. Box 052M

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS Pisces 33 5'7" 130 White 6" Knowledgeable. Will service please and obey butch stud in boots and smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No fems, tats, blacks. Box 081Z

ENGLAND

ISLE OF MAN. M. Sagittarius 52 6' 214 White 5 1/2". Novice. Turned on by bondage, boxing gloves, hoods, rubber W/S. Seeks firm, trusting non butch Master. Eager to try new toys, ~~penetration, etc. (see advertisement)~~ Box 000

LONDON. M. Leo 29 5'11" 154 White 7" Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and treated into passive ways Box 060X

LONDON. S. Pisces 36 6'2" 179 White 9". Knowledgeable. Huntly Eurasian. No FF W/S, bondage seeks clean partner 24 to 30. Should be muscular, hairy. Tattoos a turn on. Box 071B

LONDON. SM Scorpio 30 6' 180" White 8" Completely inexperienced. Has strong, dominant character required of S; needs to learn M role. Wants slim, muscular, smooth bodied partner to 25 Box 228

NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX. M. Leo 33 5'11" 161 White 7" Knowledgeable. Often in U.S. Qualified houseman, butler, valet Box 066

HOLLAND

AMSTELVEEN. M. Aquarius 41 6' 165 White 5 1/2". Old hand. Travels in U.S., Canada, Europe. Box 275

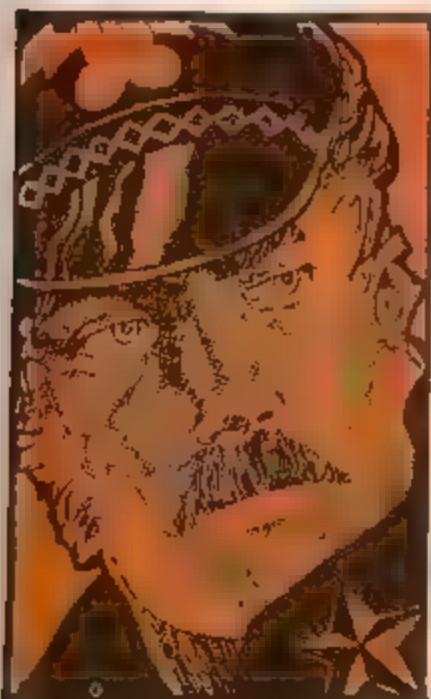
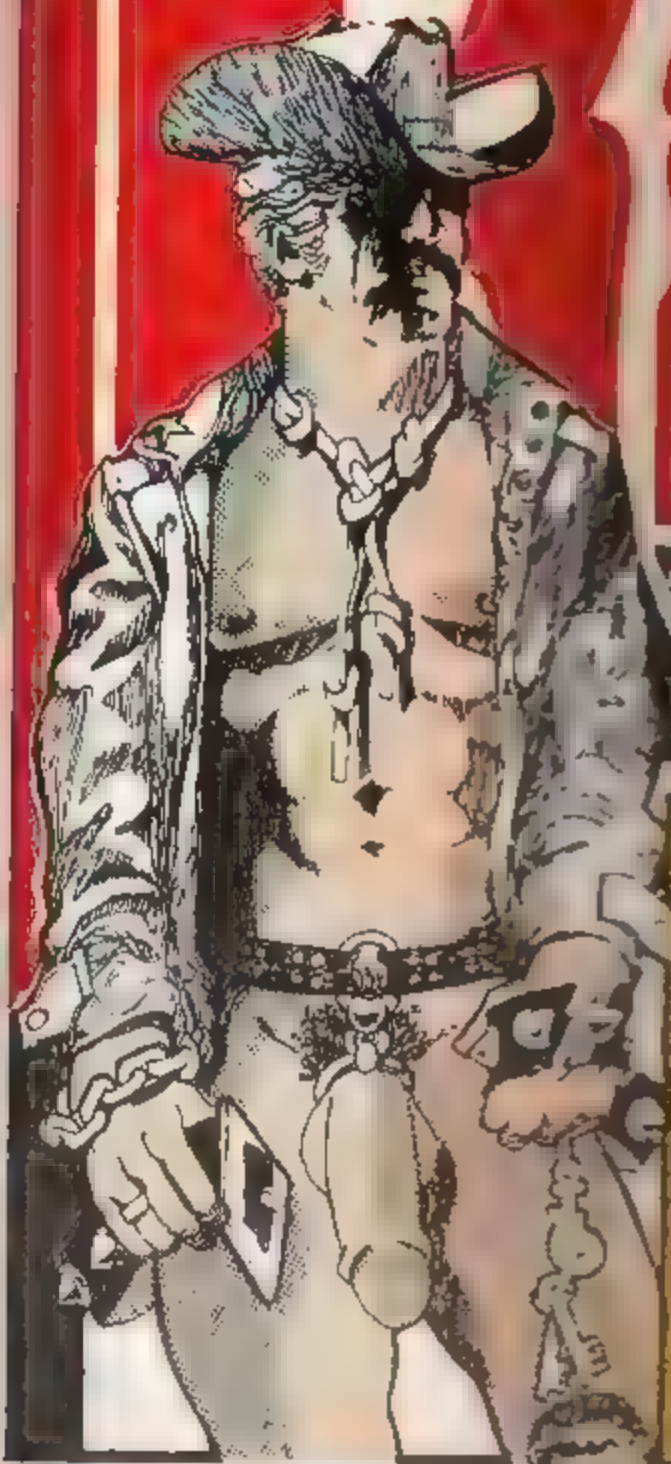
THE HAGUE. SM. Pisces 31 5'11 1/2" 145 White 9 1/2". Knowledgeable. Into whipping, B&D, FF, W/S, enemas. Possible permanent relationship with masculine partner. Will visit USA in October. Box 295M

WEST GERMANY

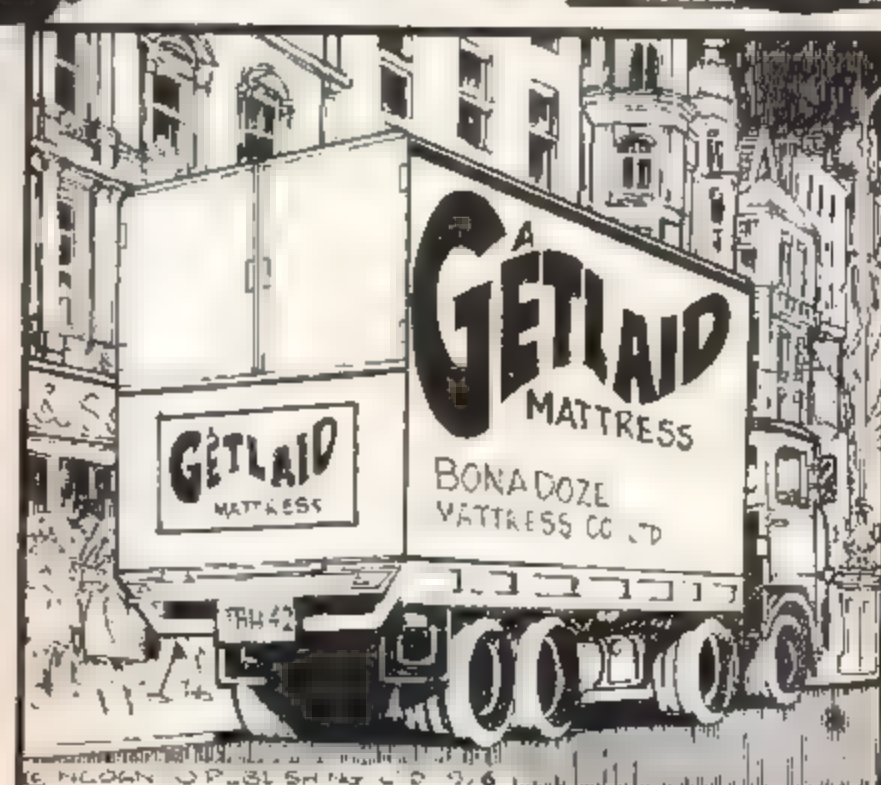
FRANKFURT. MS Leo 32 6' 175 White 9". Knowledgeable. American abroad will service Slaves/Masters passing through. Gang fuck can be arranged. No fems, tats. Under 40 only. Limits respected. Box 185K

King

FANTASY







BRANDING.

The Master thrusts into the flaming hearth a branding iron with a head in the shape of a triangle, the Greek letter delta. In preparing to brand his bound slave thusly, the Master is continuing a classical tradition begun 3,000 years ago. The ancient Greek Masters branded their slaves with the delta Δ for "doulos," δούλος "slave."

When the branding iron assumes a crimson glow, not unlike the hue of the belted buttocks of the anxiously awaiting slave, the gauntleted hand of the Master grasps the handle of the smoking iron. Raising it into the air, he enters the dimly lit, vaulted inner chamber where the slave, chained in prone position, awaits the Master's will. The slave faces downward, arms and legs securely fastened to the four corners of the bed.

"Raise your ass, slave!"

The Master plunges the glowing iron onto the clean-shaven right rump. As the slave emits a low moan, the Master proclaims: "Slave, you have now been baptized with the fire of the Gods. You are eternally marked as a slave. Henceforth, your name will be Delta Zeta. Delta denotes your perpetual position as a slave. Zeta is indicative of your true devotion the shaper of destiny, of time itself, the father of Gods and men, Zeus."

Some Masters initiate their slaves with names selected consecutively from the Greek alphabet: Delta Alpha, Delta Beta, etc. Others, like myself, choose names to signify manly virtues personified by the different, ancient Gods.

Cascading through the centuries from ancient Greece, the triangular mark of the slave has evolved into the mark of the true believer, the Trinitarian. Until 1832, galley slaves in France were branded 'Tf', "Travaux (work) Forces."

The Romans, on the other hand, branded their runaway slaves on their foreheads with the letter "F" for "fugitivus," or "fugitive." The Emperor Constantine later changed the location of the brand from the face to the hand, arm or calf of the slave. In England, the Edict of Constantine notwithstanding, "S" was branded on the cheek or forehead of a runaway slave. These slaves were largely vagabonds, generally men wandering from their usual habitats who were without visible means of support or socially approved reasons for their wanderings. Masterless, they were subjected to a series of repressive statutes beginning in the Seventh Century.

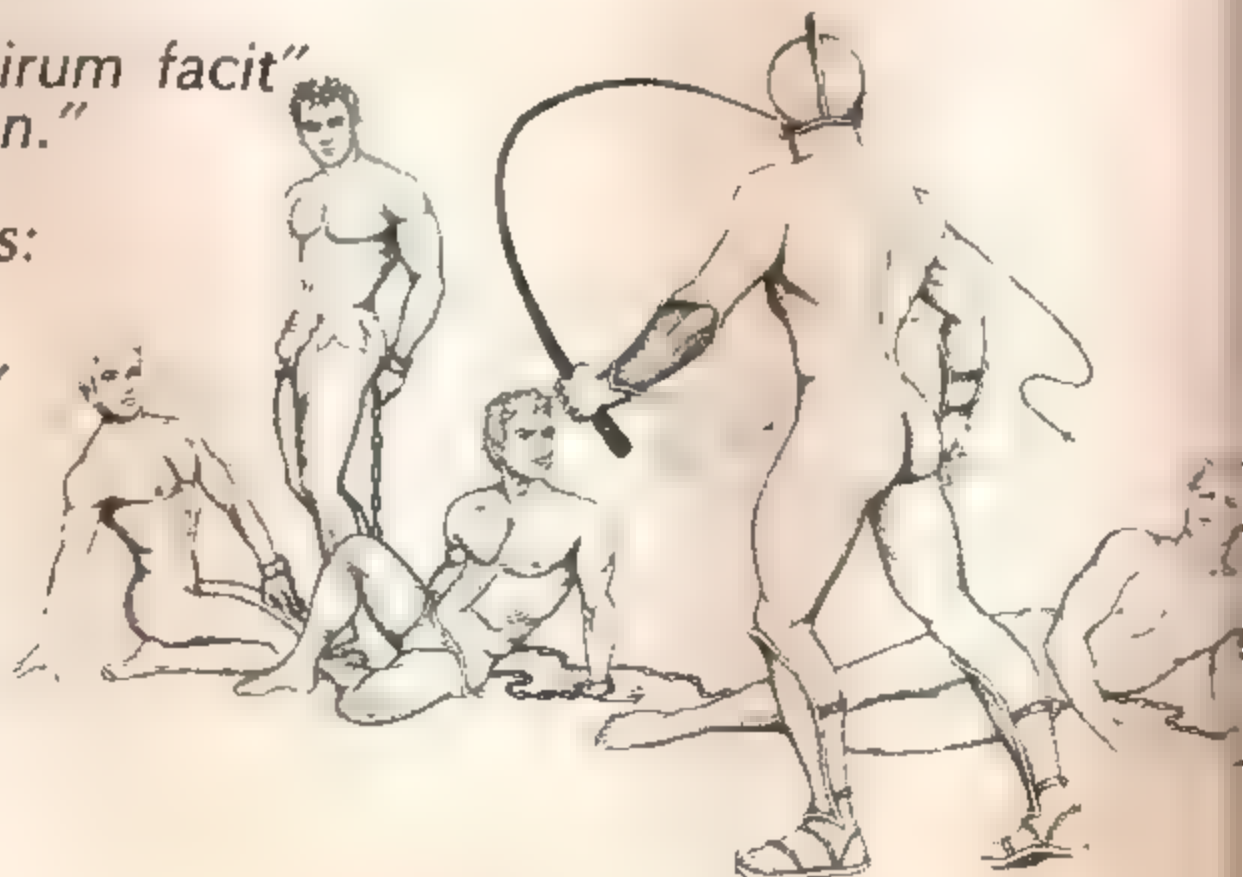
For example, the Statute of Vagabonds of 1547 authorized their being branded with a large "V" on their chests and condemned them to a year's slavery for a first offense, to slavery for life if found masterless a second time, and to a tortured felon's death if found a third time.

In the United States, the branding of runaway slaves was generally abandoned by the time of the American Revolution because of the naturally dark skin pigment of most slaves. Among dark-skinned people cicatrization is practiced. Raised scars, or keloids, are produced by cutting the flesh and then introducing an irritating substance to delay healing and produce a more marked scar.

Besides the permanent marking with a branding iron, there is a temporary method. Temporary branding is commonly done with lighted cigarettes on the upturned ass. Usually the initials of the brander are put on the brandee. Whether with cigarettes or the branding iron, "Name Brands" are the most popular today.

Erasmus said: "Vestis virum facit"
"Clothes make the man."

G. Calvin Magister says:
"Notae virum facit"
"Marks make the man!"



PIERCING &

Piercing adds a new scope to the whole concept of body adornment. From ancient times, perforation of the earlobe and other parts of the body for insertion of an ornament has been universally practiced. Today, a new breed of piercers is evolving. Their motto is "If it protrudes, pierce it."

The protrusibles include

Ears: there are about a dozen "holey" places in this erotic protrusion.

Nose: the usual is the perforation of the septum (between the two nostrils) or one or both of the nasal alae.

Nipples: this highly erogenous area can be stimulated with as many as six piercings.

Navel: now that the umbilical cord is detached, man seeks a new attachment through rings around the navel.

Genitalia: the Prince Albert, named for Queen Victoria's husband who is alleged to have had one, is the pierced

penis with a ring inserted. This piercing gives back some of the sensation lost if the foreskin fell victim. The best-known and most widespread genital mutilation, circumcision. If you are not circumcised, as is the case of the Prince Consort, the piercing and the implanted ring pull back the foreskin and facilitate clean-cut contact.

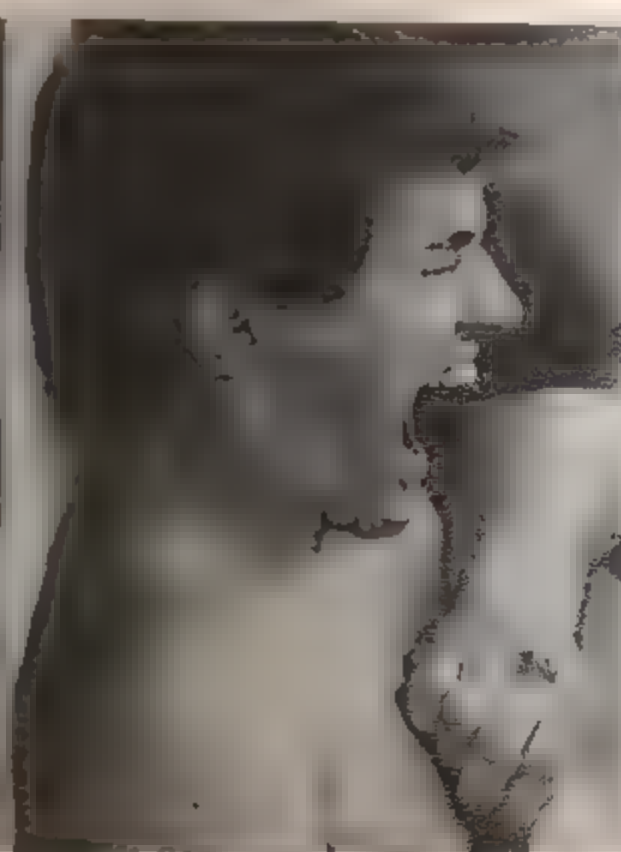
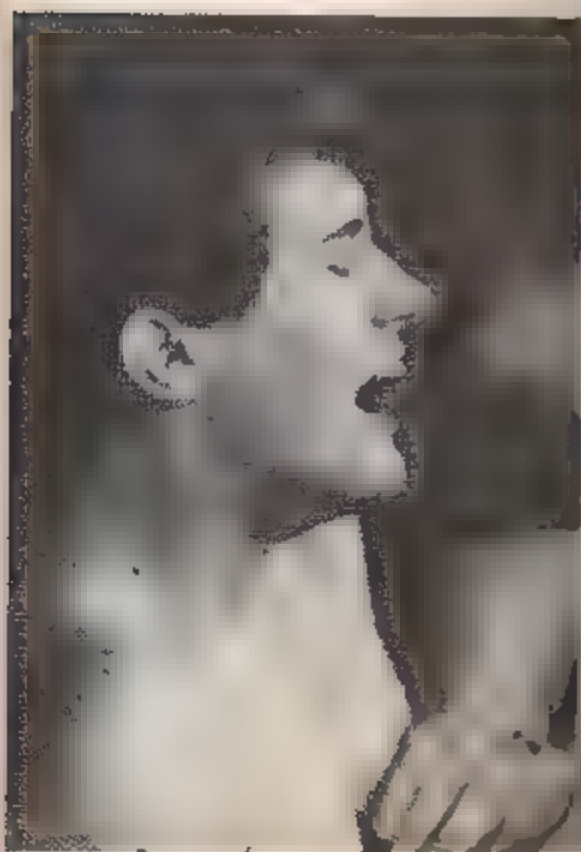
The Dydoes are piercings through the glans, the conical vascular body around the head of the penis. There are two piercings, one at each side, which are then imbedded with small rings or posts. In heterosexual sex, this gives the affect of a French Tickler.

The Guiche, pronounced "geesh," is the piercing of the ridge of skin at the point equidistant between the testicles and the rectum, where a ring is inserted. Like the geisha (pronounced "geesha"), the guiche provides entertainment for a man. A thong with a

weighted end is usually attached to the imbedded ring. The result is stimulation of the testicles with every erect movement. Like the word tattoo, this primitive libidinous device originated in Tahiti.

Etcetera: perforation frequently includes such areas of the anatomy as the lower lip (or, less frequently, the upper), webs between the fingers (especially between the thumb and the first finger), the clump of skin at the base of the neck, and any other bulging area.

Piercing can be done with any slender, sharp-pointed instrument, from a surgical needle to a safety pin. For specialty jobs like the Prince Albert, a curved needle is recommended. Obviously, the piercing needle should be sterilized before being used. Dipping the needle in rubbing alcohol will ordinarily suffice. Gold retaining rings or plugs should be used in the initial piercing.



"SEXTOOL" Photos by Fred Halsted - Model: Joseph Yale

TATTOOING

Simply stated, tattooing is the pricking of the skin with pigment. Egyptian mummies dating from 2,000 BC provide the first historical evidence of tattooing. In the classic Greek and Roman worlds, and among the ancient Germans and Magyars, tattooing thrived.

After the advent of Christianity, supposedly because of the biblical injunction: "You shall not make any cuttings in your flesh on account of the dead or tattoo any marks upon you." (Lev. XIX, 287), tattooing was forbidden in Europe. It persisted, however, in the Near East and other parts of the world.

During the age of exploration, tattooing was rediscovered by Europeans who came into contact with American Indians, Eskimos and Polynesians. The word tattoo itself was introduced into English and European languages from Tahiti where it was first recorded after Captain Cook's expedition in 1769. Tattooed Polynesians and European sailors who had been tattooed abroad attracted a great deal of attention in both Europe and America in the late 18th and early 19th Centuries.

The first tattoo parlor in the U.S. was opened in 1846 by Martin Hildebrandt on Oak Street in New York City. The first tattooed man to be exhibited was James F. O'Connell, whose appearance at Franklin Theatre, Chatham Square, New York City on October 21, 1849, was advertised as follows in the *New York Herald*:

"The manager has at enormous expense engaged Mr. J. F. O'Connell, the wonderful 'Tattooed Man,' who will go through a variety of performances peculiar to himself... perfectly original."

On the Bowery in New York City in 1875, Samuel F. O'Reilly, with typical Yankee ingenuity, developed an electric tattoo machine called a "tattau-graph." The implement was patented in 1891.

In the Gay Nineties, America became the center of influence in tattoo design, especially with the spread of tattooers' pattern sheets. The motifs on the sheets were nautical, military, patriotic, romantic and religious.

Body adornment is probably the commonest motive for tattooing. Under the hands of a talented artist, a human being is transformed into a living work of art. This new phase of the tattoo scene has been aptly called the "Body Adornment Revolution."

An exciting new dimension has been developed in Los Angeles by master artist, Rich Harold. One day while visiting a socially prominent gallery

that was selling his paintings, Harold was approached by an important investor who asked him how much he thought his paintings would be worth in five years. This question greatly disturbed Harold because he believes that one should buy art because he likes it and not as an investment. He replied that he thought they would be worth the same in five years as they were right then.

The prospective investor was annoyed by Rick's reply and refused to make a purchase. The owners of the gallery then became infuriated with the artist.

Going home, Harold decided that he must make some concrete statement against the idea of art as an investment. He believes that art should be seen as a symbol of commitment to society. For him, everything is nebulous without such a commitment, so he began to look for another, different art form that would be looked upon not as an investment but as that commitment.

While trying to find a solution to his problem, Harold hit upon the idea of using his fellow human beings as living canvases. As eagerly as he once pursued his Ph.D. in Art, he now pursued his newest artistic endeavor. He found himself not in another academic situation, but in the school of life in a Main Street Tattoo Shop.

He realizes that many people are prejudiced against tattooing because they have seen only badly done work. He, however, sees it as iconography, the art of representation by pictures or images. The people he tattoos are not sailors looking for a status symbol, but living works of art. Each one is unique. Each symbol or picture is tailored to fit the individual. Rich Harold views this as one of the few ways left for man to express his own identity, his own separateness, so that he is better able to recognize his own uniqueness and make a more worthwhile commitment to society.

Other artists have similar views to that of Rich Harold. In fact, the First World Convention of Tattoo Artists and Fans was held in Houston, Texas, early this year. More than 400 tattoo enthusiasts attended. Cliff Raven of Chicago, who recently moved to Hollywood, was selected as the Tattoo Artist of the Year.

Tattooing, done under the capable hands of such artists as Rich Harold, has evolved into a new and unique art of illustration by pictures or images and even beyond. It has now become a dynamic part of body adornment.



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14 43

Gemini S: [May 21-June 21] Time is propitious for some artistic endeavors. Write an article for Cosmopolitan on 'Creative Designs with a Branding Iron.'

Gemini M: Read '100 Days of Sodomy' for some creative masturbatory ideas of your own.

Cancer S: [June 22-July 21] Great month to shave a slave. Be imaginative—use a push mower.

Cancer M: Don't be rude anyone who says, 'This is going to hurt me more than it does you.'

Leo S: [July 22-Aug. 21] Do something really sadistic this month: fart in a fluff bar.

Leo M: Things have probably been looking down quite a bit lately. Cheer up. They'll get worse.

Virgo S: [Aug. 22-Sept. 22] You're going to find that a lot more people will be calling you 'Sir!' this month. (This definitely does not include women's libbers.)

Virgo M: A new Master in your future—possibly from a classified ad or to let gratiti-

Libra S: [Sept. 23-Oct. 22] Success and financial happiness in your stars. You're going to meet a slave with money.

Libra M: Try to develop a positive, optimistic attitude; you'll find it a lot more painful that way.

Scorpio S: [Oct. 23-Nov. 21] Try some Spring Dungeon-cleaning this month. Air out those old stale amygdumes, shove out the shit and on those creaky shackles. A clean playroom is a happy playroom.

Scorpio M: Call all your scat freak friends and contact the above. Shove's optional.

Sagittarius S: [Nov. 22-Dec. 21] Give someone you love a good, old-fashioned case of crabs and hide the kwell ointment in a cruel variation of the 'Treasure Hunt' game.

Sagittarius M: Attend a rap session at the Gay Community Center and manipulate it into a semantic seminar on the connotational differences between 'Golden Showers' and 'Water Sports.'

Capricorn S: [Dec. 22-Jan. 20] Your symbol is the goat and you probably smell like one when you're in heat—but in a leather bar, who'll notice?

Capricorn M: Dig torture and abuser—turn yourself in to the Mormon Church and tell them you're gay; they'll handle the rest.

Aquarius S: [Jan. 21-Feb. 19] Learn to sign your name on someone's bare back with a bullwhip. When you have become proficient, practice doing different type styles, such as sans serif and wedding text.

Aquarius M: Beware of Aquarians bearing bullwhips and birth certificates.

Pisces S: [Feb. 20-Mar. 20] Good time to start a harem. Check for bargains at the next DRUMMER slave auction. Use your Master Charge or the handy 'pay and pay away' plan.

Pisces M: Protect your health this month. Beware of rancid Crisco, defective dildos and athlete's foot. (Don't drink from any boot but your Master's.)

Aries S: [Mar. 21-Apr. 19] Be cruel. Learn to say 'No!' when your slave wants it.

Aries M: Expecting anything out of life or your Master can only lead to frustration and disappointment. Expect much, therefore, your loss will be your gain. (A real M will Understand!)

TAURUS

*April 21~
May 20*



Taurus S:

[Apr. 20-May 20]. Implement those intriguing new ideas you've been holding back on because they might be "too kinky." Besides, gagged slaves tell no tales

Taurus M:

Volunteer your services to a Taurus Master looking for a guinea pig. Take your own gag

CONTEST WINNERS

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Enclosed are eight (8) pencil drawings as an entry to your contest. These are part of a set of drawings done by myself as illustrations for a slave barn fantasy.

I have not enclosed any of the heavy action, wishing to leave that to the viewer's imagination. I prefer showing both . . . indeed, drawing both, but find imagination works best on both friends and slaves.

Too, I am a little uptight about sending these as I have never them shown to anyone but a select few before . . . am not a pro artist . . . merely someone whose doodles have progressed to a passable state . . . the steady urging of friends . . . have decided to bring my work out of the "Game Room" and . . . full public exposure. Got any suggestions?

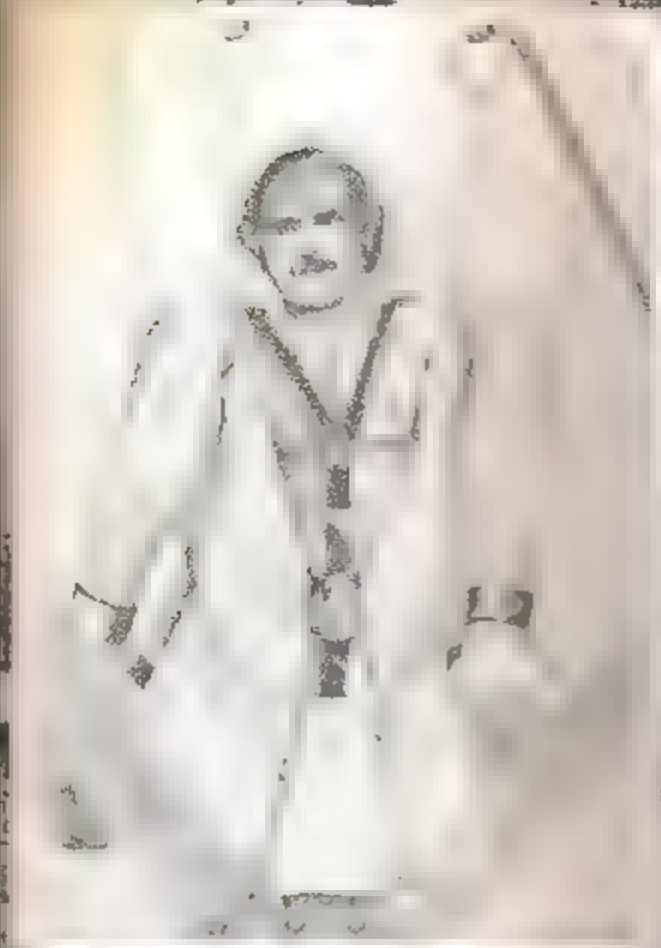
Hope the drawings stir up enough fantasy to arouse more than the imagination.

Thank you,


Steve Springer

West Chester, Ohio

P.S. Beside being a bit of a goofball, I am 5'10" . . . brown hair . . . blue eyes . . . the pound bearded master with . . . Also you can use my own name . . . see any future in this work . . . few of us here in Springfield . . . months, sometimes longer, for DRUMMER to appear. Most issues we have to get in New York.



SATLER



Photos for LEATHERJOURNAL are by Richard Anderson from his film "Night of Submission" which stars BERNIE PROCK author of LEATHER JOURNAL.

We're taking this opportunity to select statements on a variety of themes which have been discussed at length in earlier LeatherJournal columns. We hope that those previously unacquainted, or only recently acquainted, with the LeatherJournal will find these statements informative and entertaining. Out of their original context, and various as these passages may be, each topic is important to the Leather and S&M scenes.

We don't consider these comments to be the final word on any aspect of the Leather scene; but they are based on personal experiences, observations, and thoughtful concern, which is not the case in all Leather-oriented literature. It's a wise reader who takes all advice and undocumented assertions with a grain of salt. If the following comments provoke consideration and self-reflection on your part, our own aims have been served.

Masculinity and Masochism

In the traditional sex dichotomy of our culture, we associate dominance and submission with the notions of masculinity and femininity. In an era of women's liberation, "submission" has assumed a negative connotation, largely because many women now feel that this label is one of the attributes which society has used to relegate them to an inferior position.

Nevertheless, dominance and submission are a part of almost all sexual relationships, and the S&M scene exemplifies sexual control of one person over the other. It involves controlled physical, emotional, and/or psychological stimulation—but control itself is neither masculine nor feminine.

The Masculine Fetishist

The major ways in which the masculine fetishist differs from other gay men are two: first, specific masculine attributes are more intensely arousing to him than they are to most gay men; second, to the extent that the masculine fetish is part of a sexual scene with another man, it implies a dominant or submissive relationship to the sexual partner.

These same dimensions of intensity are the distinguishing characteristics of S&M behavior. For this reason the masculine fetishist is a *bona fide* participant in the gay S&M scene, even if he is not turned on by bondage or intense physical stimulation.

Having distinguished fetishism and S&M from other sexual behavior, we must nevertheless conclude that the distinction is a matter of degree and not categorical. All sexual stimulation has some degree of subjective intensity, and almost all sexual relationships

Edited and Compiled by Toby Bailey and Bernie Prock

involve some degree of dominance and submission. The question of just who is or is not a fetishist is largely a matter of definition.

The Psychology of Fetishism

A "fetish" is a subjectively intense discriminative stimulus for sexual arousal. All fetishes are gender related. Whenever the fetishistic activity involves an interpersonal sexual relationship, the relationship becomes one of power (dominant-submissive).

Fetishes are specific sexual stimuli which symbolize masculinity or femininity to the person they arouse. A fetish may be an object such as a cowboy boot, a part of the body like a certain shape of buttock, a certain mannerism such as a gruff voice or a swaggering walk, or a role: policeman, cowboy, jock, etc.

Men Who Go to Leather Bars

The patrons of the Leather bar are not a group of unemployed misfits. Most of them are employed, middle- or upper-middle-class men with sufficient incomes to support their interests in Leather and social drinking. You can hear of a fight in a Leather bar, and the few unfortunate incidents that happen away from the bar usually result from the ignorance or lack of common sense of individuals who get involved in an S&M experience which is beyond their own physical or psychological limits.

Why Men Go to Leather Bars

Men go to gay Leather bars because they are attracted to masculine men and are turned on to being masculine in public themselves. Some of the men, dressed in Leather jackets or Levis and T-shirts, would admit that they are posing and don't believe themselves to be all that masculine. Nevertheless, they play the role to attract masculine partners. They may even feel more masculine as a result of their behavior. For most of these men, masculine dress is a manifestation and affirmation of masculine identity.

Sex in Public Places

In a society in which all gay sex has been illegal, men have learned to have sex in dangerous situations. It's no wonder that many men prefer sex in tearooms, bars, or other public places. They've been conditioned to prefer the dangerous (and only) situations available to them earlier in life.

Of course, danger is an emotional stimulant. And being sexually turned-on is an emotional state. The possibility of being observed or arrested may sometimes act as a sexual stimulant up to a point. Beyond that point, the danger-seeker may begin to experience panic and attempt to escape the threat.

Compulsive Public Sex

The compulsive desire to have impersonal sex in places where apprehension is a very real possibility indicates the masochistic nature of this kind of sex. Many individuals are erotically aroused by both the real and threatened humiliation possible in a public place.

Servicing anonymous cocks in a dratty toilet where the police may beat the shit out of you, arrest you, send you to prison and ruin your reputation for life is a degrading, debasing and demeaning experience. And it's exciting if humiliation is your thing. It is similar to humiliation scenes sometimes found in the gay Leather world, but the sadist's role is replaced by the abstract threat of circumstance. The control which the sadist commands in S&M is similar to the inevitable punishing power of the law to which the tearoom tarrier exposes himself.

Clothes and the Leatherman

"Clothes make the man," said Erasmus. The western and Leather scenes exempt this adage. In a depersonalized world of technology and bureaucracy, most "male" occupations have lost their traditional masculine glamor and the reassurance of masculine identity. Only such abstract occupations as those of the cowboy and the biker remain relatively untarnished as symbols of masculine virtue. Even the policeman and the soldier have lost their status as sex-role models for the liberal and the young (of course, most of the western and Leather crowd is neither liberal nor young).

Which brings us to

Ageism

An older man in the average gay bar may find himself at a disadvantage when competing for sexual partners with younger men. The older sadist, on the other hand, is sought out enthusiastically by peers and younger men alike for his maturity and expertise.

The older masochist also has certain advantages in the Leather world. Personality characteristics, experience and shared special preferences often outweigh, cancel, or even reverse the importance of age.

Left Is Not Always Right

One international convention of S&M is the wearing of keys. Keys dangling from the left side of the belt are the hallmark of the sadist. Keys exhibited on the right indicate that the wearer is a masochist. If only it were that simple.

A visitor to a Leather bar, surveying the apparent preferences of the crowd by noting keys, would conclude that there were as many, if not more, sadists than masochists. The fact is that

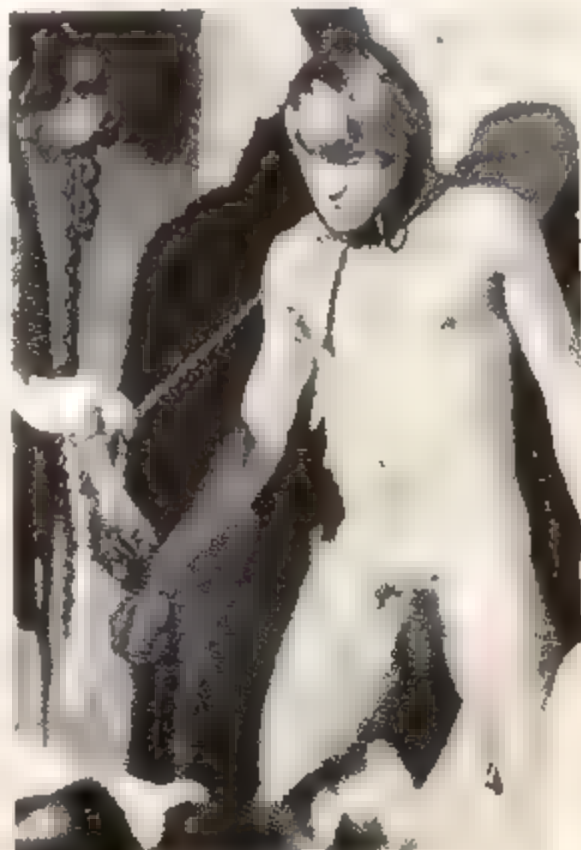
the masochistically inclined far outnumber the sexual sadists.

The distinct dichotomy of sadist versus masochist is an oversimplification of the real world. There are few exclusive sadists, and the percentage of heavy masochists is not that great either. For many men, the decision to play either the dominant or submissive sexual role in an S&M scene depends on the characteristics of the prospective partner.

Love and Respect

Love and S&M are not mutually exclusive. In S&M relationships which predominantly involve intense physical stimulation, there are often strong displays of positive affection. In this case, the S&M scene may more easily be integrated into an affectionate ongoing relationship. If the sexual scene demands humiliation or fear, the transition from sex to other interpersonal relations is much more difficult and the relationship more precarious.

The demands for positive or negative affection in S&M are closely related to the partners' evaluations of themselves and each other. The masochist who requires a sadist who dislikes him probably doesn't think too much of himself. The sadist who seeks sex partners for whom he feels contempt may be seeking to boost his own lagging self-esteem, with only temporary success, at his partner's expense. The most satisfying and fulfilling ongoing S&M relationships require trust and respect of the sex partner by both sadist and masochist. The self-accepting S or M, who is concerned and responsive to his partner's preferences, needs and welfare, is far more likely to find fulfilling and continuing relationships and to avoid destructive personal situations.





FOOTNOTES

FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH
FETISH FETISH FETISH FETISH

When, in the words of that hoary old articulation exercise, "Moses supposes his toes are roses," does he also realize that he makes of himself the pet of the pedophilic set? Because there, precisely and anatomically, where the action begins for the degraded foot fetishist, paying homage to those appendages of man which are in closest and most frequent contact with the earth that affirms all men's basic brotherhood.

To the less liberated among us thanks to somber ol' Sigmund, we find himself any brand of fetishism as normality (which) may be counted as one of the perversions. Such an atavistic attitude in this day and age should be shelved along with such equally disproven myths as "turbation will make your palms burn" and "Sodomy stunts your growth." Whatever.

Of all fetishes, pedophilia is the one which most requires the performance of a positive act of worship. And Christians verify that in Christian iconography, since the Middle Ages, the human foot has been used as the standard symbol of humility and service. Examples are found at the Last Supper when Jesus stripped down and washed the feet of his disciples, instructing them: "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet" (John 13:4-14). Then there was that strange Pharisee woman who washed His feet with her tears, dried them with her hair, and covered them with kisses (Luke 7:38).

Zoologist Desmond Morris, in his depth in psychology after crossing disciplines into the province of a realm of best-sellerdom, would agree that the above of having been major preoccupation at the time of their first sexual experience. Nonsense! And poppycock! There's nothing like a good healthy case of pedophilia to get a kid off the streets and into the john. But why even waste time on a writer who has flatly states (in *The Human Zoo*) that the "normal object" of sexual desire is "a member of the opposite sex."

It's interesting to note how frequently the foot appears in literature. Robert

Browning (sic) seems to have had quite a thing for feet. In *Respectability*, he coined the phrase "put forward your best foot." The Shakespeare, uncharacteristically more grammatical, exhorts Hamlet to "Make haste, the better foot before." But who could improve on Browning's description, in Part X, *The Ring and the Book*, of the pedophilic ultimate scene: "Why comes thou late, but for man to meet/And make and make crouch beneath his feet."

One wishes for the *Cloths of Heaven*. William Butler Yeats confesses "I have spread my dreams under your feet," a romantic mage with deep feelings for all unreconstructed foot fetters, verily in the same league with that who, in his masterful *The Waste Land*, fantasizes about those who "wash their feet in soda water" (see "The Fire Sermon"). Examples are related endlessly. Just ask the priest.

The importance of all this to the pedophilic is that precept. Now he need no longer keep his wont a secret, he can come out of the shoe closet, as it were. Surely so devout an act of "humility and service" merits full disclosure and discussion, and its practitioners especially warrant the respect and gratitude of a few activists. Offer such equal justice to both parties involved, whether entered into as an end in itself or as a prelude to other mutually satisfying undertakings.

If you wish to do your pedophilic partner a favor, wear sneakers with no laces and jog a lot, preferably on a well-used bridle path. Good clean sweat and honest dirt combine to provide the kind of challenging treat certain to light up your foot-lover's eyes and moisten his mouth. Nearly all of his senses will become engaged: sight, touch and taste, and the greater the participation of the senses, the greater the heights of passion that may be reached.

The act itself must be done with finesse as well as devotion. First comes the removal of footwear, one at a

time, carefully untying laces, gently slipping the backs down and over the heel, pulling forward past the instep, finally revealing the naked toes and tenderly setting the shoe to one side. The foot is next fully massaged by the hands, warming the flesh, kneading and pulling the toes individually from smallest to largest, caressing along the sole and back to the heel, striving to relax any tensions lodged in the Achilles tendon, rotating the whole both clockwise and counterclockwise at the ankle.

Ready for climactic moments, the tongue itself is now put to work. Starting again at the tiniest toe, tongue around and around it, then hold it between the lips, alternately sucking and blowing. And, as with sucking and blowing other things, make sure the teeth don't make contact for they can utterly destroy the sensuality produced by the licking and sucking. A sensuality, incidentally, that can be heightened by using the hands to massage his calves.

After his toes with special attention having been given to the sensitive spaces between them, the sole of the foot becomes the focus of attention. This area should be laved with long, languishing licks, from toes to heel in one slow and steady motion and then back again, over and over, finishing up with a fluttering and flicking of the tongue across the entire bottom and sides of the foot. The same procedures are repeated on the top of the foot. The hands perhaps, have now worked their way up to the thighs and other whatchamacallums.

A minimum of a quarter-of-an-hour should be spent on each foot if a thorough and satisfying job, resulting in complete arousal, is to be accomplished. Remember that anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. This is particularly true in the world of pedophilia where, in the final analysis, the whole point is to have a foot in your mouth.

Or wherever.

—ED FRANKLIN





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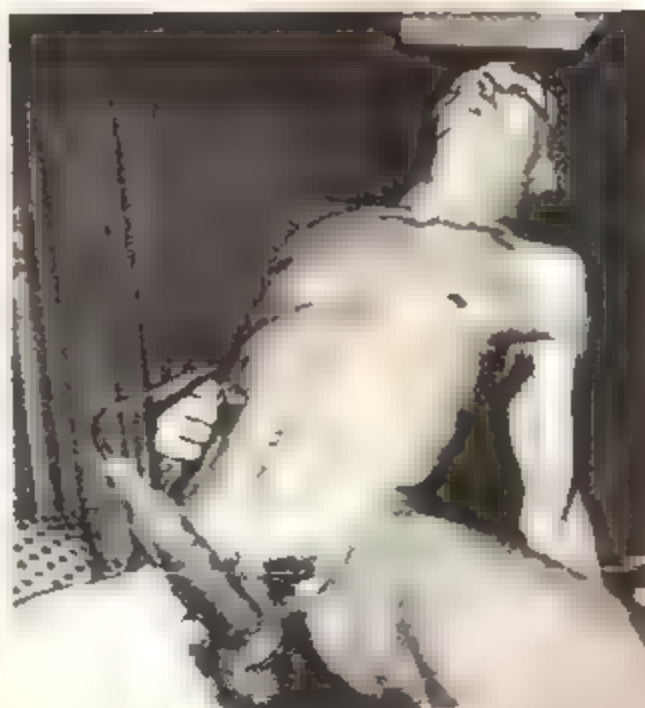
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"THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL"

Reviewed at Paramount Studios Hollywood, April 30, 1976 MPAA Rating R. Running time: 91 minutes]

Beware! Paramount's "The First Nudie Musical" is sexist, not sexy; puerile, not prurient; simulating, not stimulating, the most derivative piece of drivel since the first freshman film festival at U.S.C. One measure of its meanness is the fact that virtually its only positive assets are the sometimes costumes.

At the beginning of the movie, a bunch of kids get together and it's "let's-put-on-a-show (blue musical)" time. At the end, it's "long-suit secretary-replaces-leading-lady (porno queen)" time. For the audience, all the



Leslie Ackerman (left) and Nancy Chadwick are the innocent and the lesbian in a delightfully wicked spoof on the making of "The First Nudie Musical."

way through, it's a bad (dull) time, proving again that you cannot parody parody.

The plot deals with a last gasp attempt to revive a faltering Cower Gulch studio by making the first porno movie musical, "Come . . . Come Now." A crisis is provoked when the major investor nepotistically requires that his inept Harold Lloyd-like nephew (Bruce Kimmel) be hired to direct the property. By merest chance, said Bruce Kimmel himself also co-directed this film, as well as providing its screenplay, music, and lyrics. (Wonder



Susan Buckner struts her stuff on Bruce Kimmel's back as the other ladies of the evening join in the wild and wicked ways of the filming of the first "all-singing, all-dancing, all-nude musical extravaganza."

whose nephew he is.)

The entire enterprise is relentlessly heterosexual, and there is not one player for whom you'd even consider buying a cup of coffee at the most desperate, last chance, after hours joint. Too bad. The injection of a gay sensibility — — have been just the serum needed to hypo what was at best a mildly amusing initial concept.

For the whole thing suffers from cockphobia. Tho' there are countless bouncing boobs and bushes on view, you will be rewarded with nary a dancing dong. Oh, well, those truly tireless crotchwatchers among you may perhaps cop a quick peek at two or three singularly unimpressive phalli, if you don't blink. Even the grand finale presents the ludicrous sight of a mixed chorus line in which the ladies bare all and the gentlemen remain fully clothed in white tie and tails, yet.

The most promising schtick in the show—based on the need to hire a "stunt cock" when the leading man can't get his up—climaxes in unabashed rip-off. After a long, titillating build-up, the stand-up stand-in blessed (cursed?) with a perpetual erection finally makes his big entrance. Quick cut to endless reaction shots of awe and admiration from all. But we, the audience, never see him from the waist down. It's rather like going to "Parsifal" and not getting a glimpse of the Holy

Grail.

In addition to the ubiquitous Mr. Kimmel, the cast stars Cindy Williams, late of "American Graffiti" and recently "Laverne and Shirley," and one Stephen Nathan. (Stephen who?) Diana Canova does a camp Carmen Miranda impersonation, and Leslie Ackerman is the plumply healthy nobody from Indiana who gets her first big break and then is never seen again.

There are a few oblique nods, en passant, at the S&M scene: posters on the producer's office wall announce two of his former efforts as having been "Cheerleaders in Chains" and "Stewardesses in Cages," and in a "Perversion" production number there are a few frames showing a dinner-jacketed diner tied to his restaurant chair (mercy!) and someone tentatively licking a bare foot.

You'll get a few chuckles (sample of the best struck at 3:30 a.m. by a brainstorm solution to a production problem, the producer phones his girl friend to exult "I've got it! I've got it!" to which she responds, sourly, "Well, I didn't give it to you," and goes back to sleep), and might toe-tap along with the familiar-sounding score, but it will never replace staying at home and fantasizing about the true nature of the relationship between Starsky and Hutch.

Incidentally, *Playboy* loved the movie. Need we say more?

—Ed Franklin

The Leather BAR SCENE!



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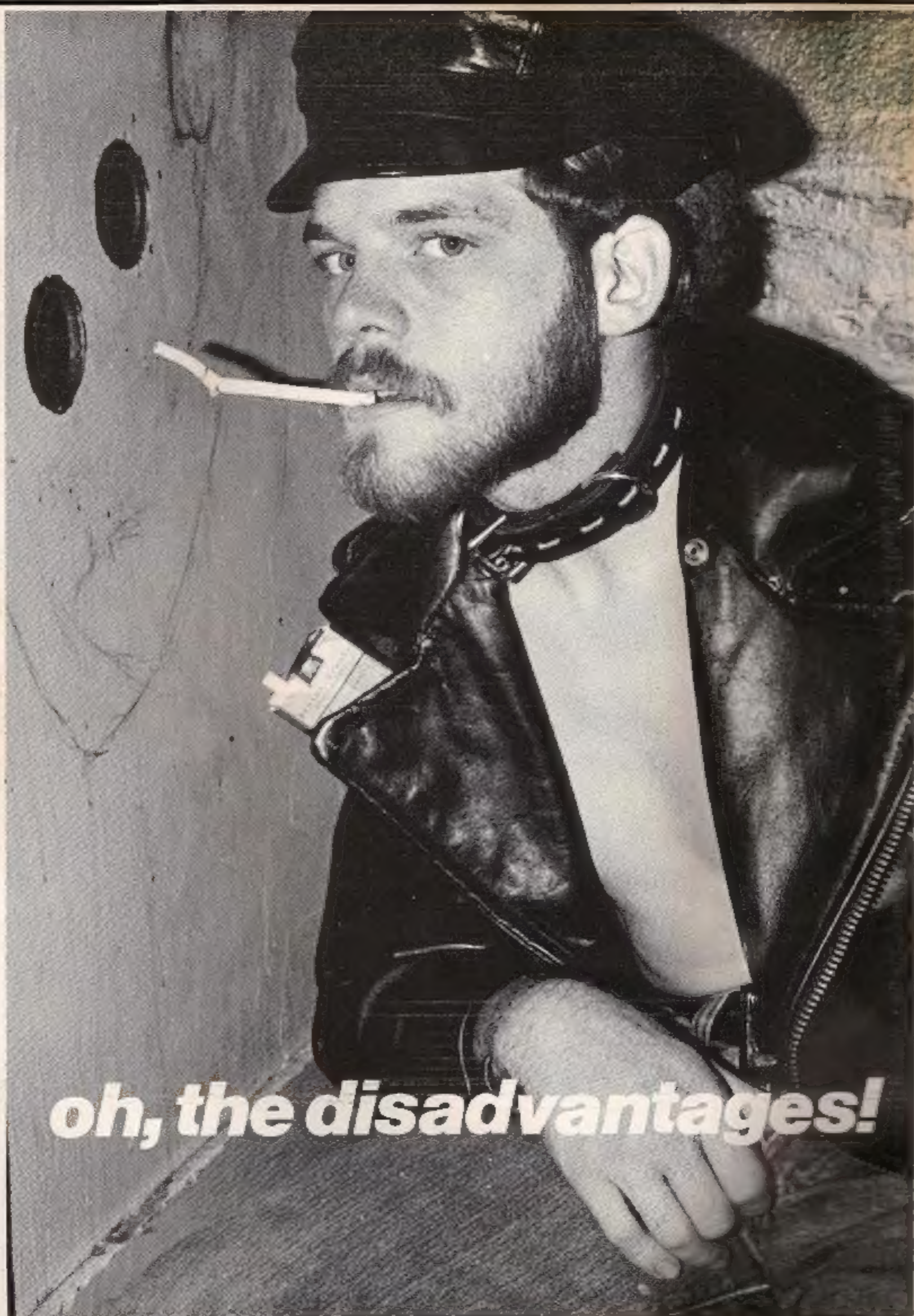
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1st anniversary CONTEST



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DRUMMER'S search is open to any male over twenty-one years of age and is in two categories: Model and Photographer.

Send in your own picture taken by someone else or your model's picture taken by you. Either way you must have permission of the other person. Photographs will be returned unharmed when accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.



SHOOT

GET OUT YOUR CAMERA AND SHOOT YOUR MASTER OR SLAVE!

He could be centerfold material. Best photography counts, but so does the model. Show him in leather or in nothing. Show him in bondage or in dominance. Show him in anything other than hardcore—that we can't print. We want to use the best available on the pages of DRUMMER. That could be you!

DRUMMER

Send your entry and return envelope to us at:
6636 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90038

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Photo taken at The Oaks, Carmel Valley

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